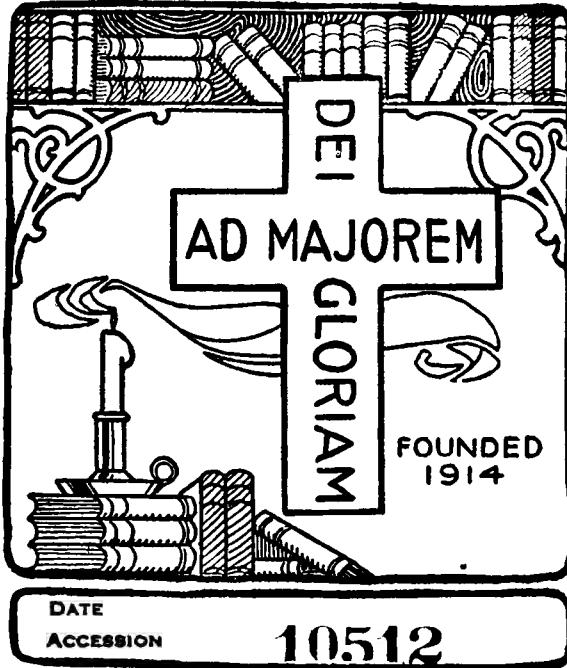


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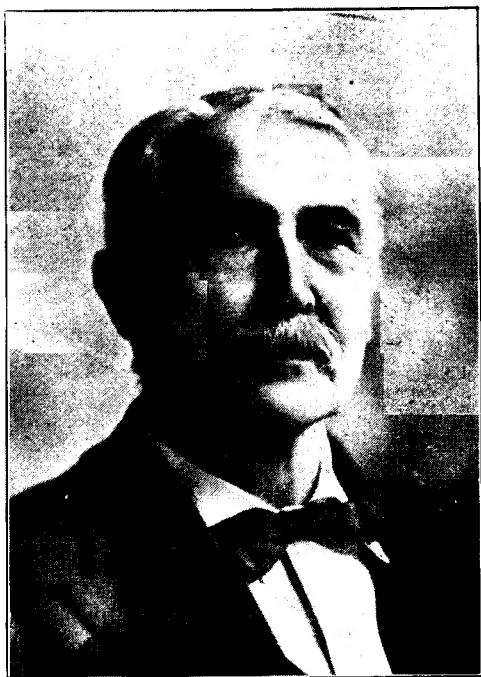
BY
R. A. YOUNG.

CANDLER SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
EMORY UNIVERSITY, GA.



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R. A. YOUNG.

REMINISCENCES

BY R. A. YOUNG

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Dedication.

TO THE GRANDCHILDREN

ANNA HUNTER

AND

ROBERTA YOUNG KIRKPATRICK

THIS BOOK IS MOST

AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED.

REMINISCENCES.

I.

ON last Monday I reached the middle of my superfluous decade, Psalm xc. 10. Since then I have been asked over and over again to write some sketches from memory. One objection presents itself: my aversion to egotism is so great that I do not know how I shall manage the columnar "I." I suppose I had better imitate Oliver Wendell Holmes, and say to the reader: "Look out for it."

If I had a blackboard and three pieces of chalk, I could draw you a picture of the union schoolhouse two miles west of Campbell's Station, in East Tennessee. It was actually built of hewed logs, with the cracks daubed and limed. It had a brick chimney at each end, and was covered with twenty-seven inch boards. There was nothing equal to it in all the surrounding country. The Leas and Mabrys and Bells and Mar-

tins, *et id omne genus*, were able to have a better schoolhouse than other people.

Each year brought a new man to the chair. He was the itinerant country schoolmaster, a gentleman who could read, write, and cipher beyond the single rule of three. Of Olney's geography and Murray's English grammar he knew precisely nothing; and if you had told him that away back in the history of the world all Gaul was divided into three parts, or that a man named Adherbal had some complaints against Jugurtha, he would have wondered where you got your information. Finally the Leas and Mabrys went off to the University of Knoxville, and the Bells and Martins and Youngs journeyed to Washington College.

In 1780 the first school in the Mississippi Valley was established at Salem, in Washington County, by Samuel Doak, D.D. In 1783 this school was incorporated as Martin Academy by the Legislature of North Carolina. In 1795 it received its present name, Washington College, and sent out its first graduate. It is said that Dr. Doak de-

clined the presidency of Princeton before coming out to the Watauga settlement. He was succeeded in the presidency by his son, John Whitfield Doak, D.D., and in the lapse of time a grandson came to the head of the institution, Archibald Alexander Doak, D.D. This gentleman was the first real scholar I ever saw. He had all the advantages our country could afford, at Washington, Princeton, Yale, and Harvard. If I were an artist, I should want the genius and brush of Titian to represent his scholarly appearance. I am tempted to borrow from Sir Richard Steele, and say that to know him for four years was a liberal education. He taught the ancient languages and preached for us on Sunday mornings.

The members of our faculty were all graduates of Princeton or Edinburgh—all Calvinists of the bluest type. This doctrine exactly suited our Scotch-Irish neighborhood. They could all sing Watts and Rippon with the finest nasal twang, and talk “Charnock on the Attributes” to perfection. They seemed to delight in the contemplation of the

sovereignty, justice, and wrath of God. I soon grew weary of all this, and went out to a little country meetinghouse and cast in my lot with the people called Methodists. There we sang the Wesleyan hymns and talked of goodness, mercy, and grace.

In the year 1895 Washington College celebrated its one hundredth anniversary. To my great surprise, they invited me to deliver the centennial address. I had left those ample grounds just fifty years ago, but there were half a dozen people present whom I had seen before. About five hundred modern Presbyterians listened to the speech. Toward the close I enumerated all the religious services held by their forefathers, beginning with daily morning prayers at five o'clock and ending with two long manuscript sermons on Sunday morning before dinner. I infer that they rather enjoyed it, for the next morning the trustees conferred on me another degree.

In 1843 Dr. Daniel Baker, of Washington City, came to see us, and preached his twenty-two revival sermons. He was the

first preacher of national reputation the students had heard. After the first day the excitement became so great that the regular college exercises were suspended. His pulpit became a throne of power. I was so completely captured that I followed him over to Leesburg and heard the same series of sermons the second time. After the eloquent Doctor died they were published in a handsome volume. Since then I have heard them repeated occasionally from Baptist and Methodist pulpits. Some men know a good thing when they see it.

I close by giving hearty thanks to thirty-six near relatives who came in during the evening of January 23, 1899. Their ages ranged from three years to threescore and ten.

II

I HAVE always believed in Jesus Christ and offered prayers unto the Father of all in his name. I have never seen one day when I objected to his precepts or any of his instructions. I accept every sentence in the Apostles' Creed. I hope the Church will never add another word to it. St. Augustine had not lived when some ancient *stylus* put down the final stop. Notice how it closes, and then see if you quite understand me. You will find it in our baptismal service. But I did not make a public profession of religion and unite with the Church until I was full seventeen years old. What caused the delay? Calvinism—nothing else. I encountered it in my seventh year. Aunt Jane Temple taught our class in the Sunday school. And forasmuch as there was no “Sunday school literature” (*eo nomine*) in those days, we read the New Testament and recited the Shorter Catechism. She rather gave preference to the Catechism, because

she believed it to be a perfect and lucid explanation of the doctrines of grace. In due time came the Confession of Faith. Moloch help us! I believe it is Swedenborg who somewhere describes seeing John Calvin in heaven. He was sitting in a dark grotto meditating on the decrees of God. May he never visit our world again!

When I saw those lonely chambers connected with Westminster Abbey, where it is said the Confession and the Catechisms were devised and formulated, and when I worshiped in Calvin's own church at Geneva, and saw the gloomy house where he lived, all these sad youthful experiences passed before me. The sermon we heard was in the French language, the native tongue of Calvin.

If I could find a journal kept in 1840, it would read very much on this wise: "Old Pleasant Forest Church, near Campbell's Station, founded 1796, by Missionary Balch. First Sunday in January, heard Rev. Andrew Vance on the sovereignty of God. Spent the afternoon reading Baxter's 'Call to the

Unconverted.' Second Sunday, heard Mr. Vance on the omnipotence of God. Read Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul' in the afternoon and at night. Third Sunday, heard Mr. Vance on the justice of God. Read Law's 'Serious Call' in the evening. Fourth Sunday, heard our pastor again, one hour and a half, on the joys of the elect. In the evening read Baxter's 'Saint's Everlasting Rest.' During this time I was present when the dear old man made a pastoral visit to one of his dying members. He seated himself by her bedside, and drew forth from his side pocket a well-worn 'yellow plush paper,' and discoursed to the old lady on the perfect safety of God's elect."

All the gospel—I mean the preaching—I heard from our professors at Washington was in the same scholastic and doctrinal style. That was a memorable day when Dr. Doak delivered his sermon on John iii. 16. When he came to the second clause, "that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," he

expended the full force of his learning, logic, and eloquence to prove that none but the elect would believe. The Methodists decided that the sermon must be answered. Rev. Elbert F Sevier was selected as the champion of Arminianism. He came over to Earnest's Chapel, one mile from the college, and was greeted by a vast audience. His text was John iii. 16. When he came to the words "whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," he proved that it is a universal affirmative proposition, sustained by the whole New Testament. Sevier was at his best. A war horse curveting upon a meadow was never in better trim. That day I bade a final adieu to Calvinism.

Rev. Elbert F Sevier was a direct descendant of the old governor of Tennessee. He was one of the few college-bred men in the Methodist ministry of those days—a man of wealth and distinction far above the ordinary. I am indebted to him beyond anything I am able to state in this reminiscence. When he was old and lived in such

elegant style, there was no hotel in Knoxville for me if Sevier knew I was there.

The Reformed Churches of Switzerland and Holland and the Presbyterians of Scotland and North America can present to the historian and the philosopher a membership as intelligent and devout as the human race has ever produced. Can any one inform me how such a doctrine as their Confessions teach can be held by such a people? I once put this question to Rev Dr. Anderson, of St. Louis. He confessed he was unable to explain. And I never expect to spend a few years among a nobler people than those around Washington College.

The tuition fee at our best country school fifty years ago was ten dollars a year. At Washington we paid thirty dollars for ten months. Board was eight dollars a month—not quite as much as my street car fare at present.

III.

MANY of the young men of the Holston Conference began to “exercise in public” at Lenoir’s camp ground. You will find the place at the eastern edge of Roane County, on Muddy Creek. It was fortunate for this primitive place of worship that at the opening of the nineteenth century every influential man in the neighborhood built a tent, notably William B. Lenoir, Esq. He was a native of North Carolina and a graduate of Chapel Hill. Though often solicited and “called out,” he had not the slightest inclination to public life. His time and talents and energy were all devoted to the management of the largest estate in East Tennessee. Emerson says: “A gentleman is quiet, a lady is serene.” He must have known Squire Lenoir and his wife.

I will venture to name his sons in the following order : Albert, William, Thomas, Avery, Frank, Ballard, and Israel. Each one of these was trained and graduated at

some university or college, not with a view to professional life or to politics, but that he might become an intelligent citizen. Why not? I suppose that it is not absolutely necessary for a young man of wealth to remain an ignoramus. One of these young Lenoirs did stray off for a little while into politics, and another took on a medical course in Philadelphia. Besides this family, the Wintins and Grants, the Praters and Powells, all had camps at "Old Muddy Creek." Their sons and daughters went forward for prayers, and in due time were happily converted and brought into the Church. No traveling evangelist ever stood before them and shouted: "Now, all you that want to be religious, hold up your hands;" or, "all that want to lead a better life send in your cards." Notice, I am not presuming to say which is the better "method." But if you insist on a hint, you are referred to Acts x. 44; xi. 15.

When I was pastor of his family Bishop Soule never tired relating to me his experience and practice in New England before

the year 1806. He rode around his large circuit or district, preached every day, confidently expecting the Holy Ghost to fall upon the people, and was rarely disappointed. Then and there he held class meeting and received members on probation. He never saw a protracted meeting until that memorable one in Green Street Church, New York, 1806.

Brother Rufus M. Stephens was our preacher in charge once or twice. He was homely and slovenly, but never failed to reach his appointments and treat his auditors to some of the wildest sallies of eloquence that ever reached human ears. *Orator nascitur non fit.* If he were stationed in Nashville now, he would visit the Publishing House every morning. I should like to see the Agents or Connectional officers escape him by “moving up.” He would find them. He wanted nothing but listeners. We are indebted to Hudson for a character whose “soul ran dry through a leak at his mouth.”

Rev. Timothy Sullens occasionally left his fine pulpit in Knoxville and came down to

Muddy Creek. He was young, handsome, grand, exceedingly fond of English broad-cloth and velvet. He sought no knowledge outside of Arminian theology, but he could preach that with captivating eloquence and tremendous power. He delighted in long, strong sweeps through the realms of imagination and fancy. A more consecrated man I have not known.

Perhaps in some far future land
We yet may meet, we yet may dwell.

Dr. Thomas Stringfield frequently came to see us. He was every inch a Kentuckian, tall and straight as an arrow. He enjoyed a connectional reputation. He had filled the country with religious tracts and controversial pamphlets, "manifold and thick as leaves in Vallambrosa," and had edited the *Christian Advocate* four years. His preaching was clear and instructive to the last degree. Nothing could exceed his hospitality at his ample estate and in his delightful home near Strawberry Plains. His daughter, Mrs. Butler, is known to every intelligent



THOMAS STRINGFIELD.

gent woman in Southern Methodism. His granddaughter, Miss Butler, spent several years of student life at Belmont College. She has a genius for music. Some people know where to educate their children.

When I am traveling eastward the railroad from Chattanooga to Bristol runs directly through the neighborhood I have been describing. From Lenoir Station to Concord is the charmed spot, the enchanted ground. I sit on the left-hand side of the car and keep silent. To me every inch has its luster, and every moldering stone is a chronicle. A few years ago I got off at the way station where the Wintins once lived. Here I hired a horse and rode three miles northward, to old Poplar Grove plantation, where my father's children were all born and reared. There stood the old house yet, but a new one had been erected by the prosperous Dutchman who owned the place. I rode immediately to the family graveyard, and sat for hours. After awhile the old farmer came to learn something of the stranger. I pointed to the tombstone of the longest grave

and read: "Sacred to the memory of Captain John Calvin Young."

"Carrying coals to Newcastle," so Editor Lyons thinks while I am telling him about the Lenoir settlement and neighborhood. His wife was a daughter of Albert Lenoir.

IV

BRUSHY CREEK Camp Ground was not many miles east of Jonesboro. Rev W G. Brownlow was a tent holder there. His hospitality knew no bounds until the last visitor was fed and cared for. At the beginning of the camp meeting he gave us one or two sermons, so called. They were loud, rough animadversions, with a text at the top. So it seemed to us then; but compared to some harangues we have heard at the Tabernacle in cultivated Nashville, they were models of homiletics. We have learned at last what the masses want and enjoy

When Brownlow used to come down to the college to make us a Whig speech I always managed to entertain him at my room. When I happened to be in Jonesboro he invited me to his home. If any one asked him at table or in the presence of his family about the latest religious or political sensation, he invariably replied: "See the next issue of the *Jonesboro Whig*." His wife was

a model of gentleness and intelligence, and his children were quiet, obedient, and studious. Family prayers were attended morning and evening with noticeable regularity. And this is that same Brownlow who afterwards became Governor of Tennessee and died a member of the United States Senate. Most of the books in the library where I am now writing were rescued by him from the Federal authorities because the blank pages bore my name.

It would be difficult to write much about Brushy Creek Camp Ground without bringing in the Taylor family. They were the most prominent people in Upper East Tennessee.

Gen. James P. Taylor built the first brick house in Carter County outside of Elizabethton. In the year 1816 there came in upon them a scholarly youth named Young, fresh from Orange County, N. C. They honored him, or dishonored him, with a country dance. Among the maidens who were invited was Lucinda Hyder, daughter of a Dutch farmer close by. They "tripped the

light fantastic toe" until the awfully late hour of 10 P.M. The Carolina boy and the Tennessee girl saw each other frequently after this. In due time they were married. They baptized four of us. I am the youngest, and the only one remaining.

The General's oldest son was Nathaniel G. Taylor. He graduated at Washington, and afterwards entered the theological seminary at Princeton, under Dr. Archibald Alexander, *lux mundi*. Calvinism was too strong for him; he threw it up. He could not believe that the "reprobates" will suffer forever in order to manifest either the justice or the glory of God. So he came home, joined the Methodist Church, and began to "hold forth the word of life" at Brushy Creek. For several years he remained an unordained local preacher. It was during this time that he represented his district more than once in the United States Congress. He married a distant relative of mine. On his bridal tour he spent some time at our home in Lower East Tennessee.

Hon. N. G. Taylor has two sons, A. A.

Taylor and Robert L. Taylor. Both are lawyers and invincible politicians. Both have been in Congress, and "Our Bob" has been Governor of Tennessee three full terms. In Nashville we call him the "apostle of sunshine." I hope to sign a diploma for each of his three daughters. Taken one after another, the Taylor family has made twenty-eight canvasses for high places. They have succeeded in fourteen, all within fifty years.

Dr. Charles Collins, President of Emory and Henry College, visited this popular camp ground occasionally. The people never tired of saying that Dr. Wilbur Fisk selected him from among all the graduates of the Wesleyan University as the most suitable person to inaugurate the new college enterprise in Western Virginia. His personal appearance and dress and manner were those of a cultivated Eastern gentleman. His sermons were scholarly and orthodox. After several years he was called to the presidency of Dickinson College, in Pennsylvania. Finally he closed out as President of the State

Female College, Memphis, Tenn. They said that he was fond of money. Strange that he did not accumulate a fortune, but lived in moderate circumstances all his days. It may be that it required some money to rear and educate a family

Dr. E. E. Wiley came also. He was young, handsome, fluent; and when he preached we were all filled with a holy influence. Eight or ten General Conferences opened and adjourned, but no connectional position was ever offered Dr. Wiley. How rich we are in men!

About this time I lived several months in Dr. Brabson's office at Rheatown, reading Wistar's anatomy, Dungleson's physiology, and sundry other enormous books. I was attracted to medicine then for the same reason that I like geology now. I have always felt an interest in the planet and the man that lives on it. About the time my old preceptor began to risk me out among his patients on wet days and cold nights Rev Creed Fulton persuaded me to take charge of Rogersville Circuit, a small scope of country

with twenty-eight regular preaching places. This was fifty-four years ago. I venture to call Dr. Palmore's attention to the fact that since then preaching the gospel has been my *vocation*, and that while making a tour of the Russian Empire in 1891 it did not occur to me that I was a farmer, although I am unfortunate enough to own two small plantations in Arkansas. Indeed, my Russian guide and interpreter seemed to manifest an unusual interest in the fact that he was conducting a Protestant minister from North America.

V

DURING the seven months on Rogersville Circuit I learned the truth and value of that oft-quoted saying of Dr. Chalmers: "If you want to get into a man's heart, go into his house." Rich or poor, he expects a pastoral visit. Many years afterwards, at First Church, St. Louis, and at McKendree Church, Nashville, I had no occasion to alter this opinion.

At the western appointment on the circuit there lived a scion of one of our most distinguished families in the early history of Tennessee. Mr. Cocke was the son of William Cocke, one of our first Senators in the United States Congress (1796), and the father of John Cocke, Esq., and Col. William M. Cocke, who died a few years ago in Nashville. John had been a classmate of mine over at the college, so whenever I came to this appointment he took charge of me. Directly it was said, to my detriment,

all over the neighborhood: "Brother Young is too fond of great folks."

Then I began pastoral visiting, and met with a youth named Frank E. Williams, whose friendship I am still delighted to enjoy. Is it not somewhat remarkable that these two youths were destined to spend almost half their lives in Nashville, to buy lots adjoining each other in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, and to lie side by side when we "shuffle off this mortal coil?" It was also a noticeable and happy coincidence that Hon. William M. Cocke, with his "blushing honors thick upon him," was a guest on my seventieth birthday.

At Lauderback's schoolhouse they complained that I did not preach "loud enough." At another place a thin old maid loved to hear me because I preached "so much that was not gospel." At Rogersville they did not like my blue cloth clothes; so I bought a black frock, Prince Albert, *sic appellatorem*. At Russell's schoolhouse the brethren complained that I always stopped at the same place. There was too much truth in this.

At last a queenly old lady declared that the poor ought to be visited, but that Brother Young was “a little too fond of them.”

These statements are not specially dignified in the eye of reason, but I shall scatter them all through these short chapters, hoping that they may be taken as useful hints by young theologues.

When I took charge of the circuit I had been just one week out of Dr. Brabson’s office. I did not have a single sermon; so the first day I “held forth” on Romans i. 16; the next, on Psalm ciii. 1. I have been “holding forth” ever since.

Our presiding elder was Rev. Creed Fulton. He was certainly the most gifted man of that day. All knowledge seemed to be at his tongue’s end, and he displayed it as if it had been the pastime of his youth. Some years ago I heard the Archbishop of York in the presence of the British Parliament. The occasion was the Queen’s natal jubilee. He had not spoken ten minutes until I was reminded of Creed Fulton. Thought I to myself: “If Fulton were alive and a dig-

nitary of the Church of England, he could dispense divinity from lawn sleeves fully equal to the Archbishop of York."

Our elder was a small man, with a cliff-like brow. He wore black cloth, cut in the clerical regulation style. I admired him so much that I was unable to discover his imperfections.

At the Conference in Athens, 1845, I was admitted on trial into the traveling connection. This was the jubilee week of my ecclesiastical life. Here I actually saw a Methodist bishop, James O. Andrew. In his sermon on Sunday he moved off with fluency and power for about thirty minutes; then he began to flag, and flagged on to the close. I have heard him frequently since, and he always did precisely the same way. But he was a historic character the South will never forget. His fame deepens with the roll of years; his monument casts its shadow to the end of time. With Soule and Andrew in the lead, we got away from the Yankees. Thanks be unto the Lord!

Samuel Patton was the wise man at this

Conference, and at all other sessions while he lived. James Atkins, the senior, was at his zenith. He had been stationed in Knoxville, and was now made a presiding elder. This was fame enough in the Holston of those days. Everybody seemed to fear Cattlett and Fleming and McAnally. They had been grand old mountain presiding elders, and were not to be trifled with. The popular and promising young man was W. G. E. Cunningham; but, gifted as he was, we little dreamed of the volumes of Sunday school literature that were ready and waiting to drip from the point of his pen.

At the close of the session I was read out for Dandridge Circuit. It had only thirteen preaching places. We all journeyed off on horseback, with an enormous pair of saddle-bags underneath us. Those were palmy old days. Money to throw at birds? Each unmarried man received one hundred dollars a year, plus socks and yards of gray jeans. The married man was allowed two hundred dollars a year, and a moiety for each child, plus many other little things.

On Dandridge Circuit special attention was given to protracted meetings: how to announce them; how to conduct them; what "methods" were best in a revival of religion. Lord Nelson's tactics in naval warfare will give a hint of the conclusion to which I then came in spiritual warfare: "Put your guns in front of the enemy, and fire broadsides until you or he goes to the bottom."

At the close of this year I bade adieu to my beloved East Tennessee and traveled westward on horseback.

VI.

IT is difficult to tell why any young man should want to leave East Tennessee, for it is certainly the garden spot of the world. I am perfectly candid in this statement, and arrive at my conclusion in the following manner:

The continent of North America is the future home of the most intelligent and the most powerful population on the face of the planet. Its coast line, indented with gulfs and bays, harbors and inlets, invites all the world to come. How different from the coast lines of South America, Africa, or Australia! The mingling of races improves the human constitution in the general issue. On the North American continent an admixture of blood, such as the history of man never furnished before, is in progress. "All kindreds and nations and tongues under the whole heavens" are to mingle in this part of the New World and work out a final result

in the physical, mental, and moral condition of humanity as perfect as the present constitution of things will allow. Our mountain ranges, fluviatile systems, vast plains and valleys, offer to the world an agricultural country equaled nowhere else. Now it is well known and universally admitted that the best part of the continent is covered by the United States. Of all these States, Tennessee has the most desirable location, and the people of the eastern section so far have been the most influential. Blounts, Seviers, Cockes, Taylors, and Doaks all began their careers in East Tennessee, to whom may be added Andrew Jackson and Andrew Johnson. When I left, the four great political speakers of the State were to be found in the eastern portion : Spencer Jar-nigan, William T. Senter, Landon C. Haynes, and N. G. Taylor. Among the connectional officers of our Church there are from the soil of the Holston country Dr. E. E. Hoss, Dr. James Atkins, and D. M. Smith, Book Agent.

If the average East Tennesseean is a pro-

vincial, he is also a model patriot. "That is the way we do in our end of the State," is his closing argument. If he would travel from home, subscribe for about six first-class newspapers, and put a few hundred volumes in his library, it might narrow his purse, but it would broaden him in every other respect.

After Dr. Durbin had finished his extensive European and Oriental travels, and had published his "Observations," he said to me: "If I had nothing to do but to exist, I should pass the remainder of my days in Palestine or East Tennessee."

It was early in September, 1846, when I took leave of my mother and other members of the family, and started on my trip West. About the close of the first day I rode right up to a country camp meeting, conducted by a young brother, Cunningham. The next morning I preached and came out to the Kemmers', on top of the mountain. I had been requested to take Miss Kemmer home, but another young gentleman seemed anxious to accompany her. I found the es-

tabishment an ample one—plenty of stable room and servants in each other's way. And forasmuch as I was never unwilling to rest, I spent a day or more. Before I left, Miss Kemmer and I understood each other perfectly well. On the next June I returned and found her trunks packed and her waiting maid in readiness. For more than thirty-two years we sojourned together. Then she said:

'Tis welcome death; thy freezing kiss
Emancipates—the rest is bliss.

My first Sunday in Middle Tennessee was spent at Sparta, where I preached twice. Anthony Dibrell found me at a hotel, and of course I stayed there no longer. "Given to hospitality" is a Christian virtue. Mr Dibrell was afterwards Treasurer of the State, and that plain, quiet son, George, was afterwards to become a major general in a war between the States, and after that to represent his district several sessions in the United States Congress. When his chaplain preached to his command, standing between two tallow candles, one of his most

devout listeners was the commander in chief. I presume that there is no family in the middle section of our State better known than the Dibrells, of Sparta.

Then I came to Lebanon, and fell into the hands of Rev. Finch P. Scruggs and Calvin E. Jackson, Esq. Elegance illustrated, is my only remark.

At Gallatin Robert Hatton, father and son, took charge of me, and allowed me to preach in town and country whenever I chose.

At Nashville you should have seen me “arrive and register” at the old Sewanee Hotel. That night, forty years afterwards, when I arrived at the St. Pancras Station, in London, and with my family drove to the Inns of Court Hotel, I did not feel half so “traveled.”

I soon discovered that the Tennessee Conference of those days belonged to four men—A. L. P Green, J B. McFerrin, John W Hanner, and F. E. Pitts. Others were coming on—Neely, Erwin, Walker, and the like. Another, now filling the public eye of

Nashville, was ordained a deacon at this time. After a few years he married and removed to the Alabama Conference, in which he was a pastor at Montgomery and at Mobile. Thence he was sent to New Orleans, afterwards to Kansas City and St. Louis. He is our oldest and most distinguished "giraffe." In his preaching he combines the strength of the lion with the flight of the eagle. The McKendree people are not ringing the steeple bell just now: they have one in the pulpit that draws better—Rev. John Matthews, D.D.

VII.

In the year 1846 Dr. John W. Hanner occupied the front rank not only in the Tennessee Conference but in the whole Southern Church. He was the most gifted orator and the most learned sermonizer. If he could do anything else, I never heard of it. If I were called upon to give a list of the eloquent preachers, as I have heard them, their names would come in the following order: Père Hyacinthe, Charles H. Spurgeon, Joseph Parker, and John W Hanner. People were fond of saying that he plagiarized. Do not call me in as a witness. I have heard him scores of times, and am sure that I never heard him repeat a sermon or use a paragraph in which I could see a plagiarism.

Hanner was a country lad, and had no opportunity for mental training. The illiterate youth joined the Conference early in life, and began to develop immediately. He was

small in stature, and wore loose-fitting black clothes. He had no home well fitted up, no library filled with hundreds of volumes, although he was amply able to have both. He never said a foolish thing in the pulpit or a wise thing out of it. All people sought his company when they wanted a genuine, healthy laugh. In the pulpit and out of it every word was pronounced according to Webster, and every sentence was shaped in the mold of Murray.

In his old age, and when the blaze of his popularity was slightly abated, Dr. Hanner was slandered. No well-read man was surprised at this. St. Chrysostom, the most eloquent preacher in the early ages of the Church, was slandered and deposed. In consequence thereof he died among the mountains of Armenia. John Wesley was slandered, but he had the coolness and the courage to ride straight through it all over the British Isles, and become the founder of Methodism. Dr. John Harris, President of New College in London, was the most popular religious writer of the first half of the

nineteenth century He was slandered, and actually died under the cloud of disgrace. But in a little while the slanderer died also, and in death confessed that every word was false. Dr. Hanner's fame is as sacred to-day as if the pen of the slanderer had never been lifted.

At the opening of the Conference session Rev. Fountain E. Pitts closed the great revival in McKendree Church. The meeting had occupied the three closing months of his pastorate. Over five hundred members had been added to the Church, among whom was William R. Elliston, afterwards so long treasurer of our missionary society. As I was his guest during the Conference, of course I heard much of the wonderful revival. The pastor conducted it, the pastor did all the preaching, the pastor led the congregational singing, etc. Fountain E. Pitts was the man.

I helped to build the Tabernacle; I have attended regularly every protracted meeting held therein. I am prepared to say, very deliberately, that if you will sum up the net

results to our Church of all these meetings you will not find five hundred good, solid members. The other denominations can speak for themselves. The thousands that have been paid to evangelists in the Tabernacle might have been much better expended through the Board of Domestic Missions. No greater revivalist ever appeared among us than F. E. Pitts. He died in Louisville, May, 1874. Is it not somewhat remarkable that no famous revivalist has ever been elevated to the episcopacy among us? Ought I to except Bishop Marvin?

Dr. A. L. P. Green preached the "opening sermon," as we then called it. It was on the line of the "Christian evidences," and proved very clearly that we are not following "cunningly devised fables." Dr. Green was a calm, solid, wise man. Take him anywhere—in the back porch of his country home, filled with visitors during the summer; at a country camp meeting, where audiences rose to their feet under the magic spell of his descriptive preaching; at a General Conference, where his logic bore down



A. L. P. GREEN.

all opposition; at a summer resort, where the gamesters stopped to listen to his anecdotes; at a literary round table—Dr. Green was the most interesting man I ever saw. He died in the summer of 1874.*

It is exceedingly fortunate that in all deliberative bodies there is one man who is always “ready to proceed.” In the Tennessee Conference Dr. John B. McFerrin was that gentleman. Foremost, midst, and last, he was there. Anywhere, anyhow, “anywhen,” you knew where to find Belisarius.*

About the close of the session one Harry Hill, a rich man, presented Bishop Andrew with a new barouche and a fresh young team, whereupon the good bishop invited me to become his traveling companion, intimating that he might finally station me in Columbus, Miss. I understood the old gentleman most perfectly. He wanted a young and stalwart coachman. He missed his man. I had never harnessed a barouche horse in my life.

* Read “Celebrities and Less.”

Dr. Green sent for me, and talked the whole matter over, and then advised me to take a little country station in the bounds of the Dover District. He also counseled me to “stick to my books.” “Called to preach—called to study”

I must not fail to mention a handsome entertainment given to a few young gentlemen of the learned professions by Mrs. Washington Barrow. Her husband had been American Minister to Portugal. They were both fresh from the “Court of Braganza.”

VIII.

ABOUT the year 1845 an attempt was made by the rector of the parish in Clarksville to gather a small congregation at Cumberland Iron Works. It was a failure. There was not a drop of Episcopal blood in the village. Hon. John Bell, Col. Andrew Irwin, Maj. Perkins, Mr. Barnes, and their wives, were Presbyterians. Col. Lewis, Dr. Cobb, Squire Caldwell, Mr. Cockrill, and their families, were Methodists. So we took charge of the handsome little church, gathered up all the prayer books and packed them away carefully. Our services were simple, straightforward, and evangelical, such as Methodists and Presbyterians like. In this pulpit we maintained a stationed preacher until the fall of Fort Donelson and the destruction of the village. The place was sought after by the young men of the Conference. The white people wanted Sunday school and only one sermon on Sunday.

At night we preached to a vast congregation of negroes. This left ample time for miscellaneous reading and study, and I venture to close this paragraph by stating that we were amply paid for our services.

Col. George T. Lewis had a talent for connecting usefulness with pleasure. He was fond of riding and driving through the vast coaling grounds belonging to the iron works. Sometimes he would stop and select a site for a protracted meeting. Somebody would be employed to take rough plank and put up a little platform for the preacher and benches for the people. Here we would hold a two days' meeting. We had twenty-four converts at one of these.

It was in this vast coaling ground that we found a young, illiterate country girl. We invited her to visit us. We loaned her magazines and books. In less than two years she was a paid contributor to Godey's "Ladies' Book."

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness.

In the fall of 1848 I picked up my wife

and child and went to Columbia, by appointment from Bishop Paine. Maury County was at its best. Polks, Pillows, and Friersons *galore*. The Morgans and Mayeses, the Youngs and Porters, the Nelsons and Nicholsons were among the pillar families of our Church. Maury was not only the best-cultivated county in the State, but Columbia was the Athens of the South. Jackson College, Ravenscroft College, Episcopal Institute, Athenæum, and the Tennessee Conference Female College were all located here. Many distinguished gentlemen lived here—Bishop James H. Otey, of the diocese of Tennessee; William H. Polk, American Minister to the kingdom of Naples; A. O. P. Nicholson, future Chief Justice of Tennessee; and James K. Polk, President of the United States. His house was a small one-story frame building that might have rented for three hundred a year. His mother lived in a small, unpretentious brick. On account of the religious affiliations of her son and her daughter, the old lady came to my church frequently. She finally came to

the conclusion that the young man might learn to preach very well if he would only “use papers in the pulpit.” All the pastors in the city “used papers”—“drowsy tinklings that lulled the distant folds.”

It has been my good fortune to see some remarkable processions. Once when a crown prince and a party of twenty-five noblemen were received by one hundred thousand of the people, and afterwards when the Sultan of Turkey was accompanied from his kiosk to the mosque of Santa Sophia for morning prayers by ten thousand of the flower of the Ottoman army; but not one of these was more imposing than that vast procession which moved from the public square of Columbia toward Spring Hill in order to receive the late President of the United States, returning to his quiet little home. I suppose that every presentable carriage in the county was in that line, that every superb horse in Middle Tennessee was in some one of the cavalry companies. The procession was over two miles in length. The bands of music were “ordered on.” On

our arrival in Columbia the President's open carriage was driven to his mother's front door. Gen. Gideon J. Pillow made the reception speech. Polk replied. These were his last words: "My race is run, my career is ended, my sun is set forever." At this moment the door was opened, and the illustrious son was in the arms of his mother. The next day, at his request, the clergy called. Polk was dressed precisely like an English bishop. In a few weeks he moved to Nashville, where he died. The English statesmen are fond of saying that no President of the United States of America ever sent out such able messages. He was buried from McKendree Church in 1850.

While I was pastor at Columbia I noticed a youth of about twenty summers who was disposed to be very useful. He was the son of a prosperous farmer, and a graduate of Jackson College. If we wanted a speech at any juvenile meeting, we always called on him. He studied law under Judge Dillahunty, went to Texas, afterwards to Wellington, Mo. Here he married and was li-

censed to preach. There was one subject on which Bishop McTyeire and I could always agree: that Dr. William M. Leftwich should have been in the front rank for the last quarter of a century.

Our Church was now considered peaceful and prosperous. In 1844 the entering wedge had been driven; in 1845 the disruption had been completed. In 1846 our first General Conference had been held and two first-class bishops had been made: Robert Paine and William Capers. The cloud of ecclesiastical warfare had gone up, the smoke of battle had blown away, and the Southern skies were clear and beautiful.

IX.

IN the fall of 1850, through the partiality of Dr. Green, Bishop Capers sent me to Huntsville, Ala. This appointment was far above my ability, and, I must say, far above my ambition. Considering numbers, wealth, intelligence, and piety, it was one of the first in Southern Methodism. I was twenty-six. Forasmuch as there was no parsonage in some "Rat Row No. 2," old Mother Bibb took charge of us. In her vast establishment we had "ample scope and verge enough." She was the widow of Thomas Bibb, first Governor of Alabama.

In her parlors I met certain young people whose literary attainments and whose conversational powers are still memorable. A grandson, T. Bibb Bradley, had graduated at Union University under old Dr. Knott, and had loitered about Boston and New York until he seemed to be on familiar terms with all the young prose writers and poets of the day. Edwin P Whipple, N. P. Wil-

lis, and Edgar Allan Poe were his favorites. His descriptions of them were more edifying than the reading of Griswold, that "old dry nurse" of the American prose writers and poets.

Another young prodigy was James Brookes, a Tennessean. He afterwards graduated at the Union Theological Seminary in New York, and, early in life, succeeded Dr. N. L. Rice in the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, St. Louis. The grim old fellows prophesied empty pews. The result was that the vestibule could not hold the overflow. The history of heroes is the history of young men. Everybody in St. Louis now remembers the late Rev. James Brookes, D.D., LL.D., by far the most eloquent and successful pastor that ever trod the ecclesiastical stage of the "future great city."

There also met with us occasionally a granddaughter of Mother Bibb, who, but for the trammels of wealth, might have been the equal of Augusta J. Evans. Wealth is not generally beneficial to people of genius. It

suits that other class who take pleasure in building schools for the blind, in establishing Randall Cole Industrial Schools, in paying for Mattie Cupples Orphan Homes, and supporting Peabody Normal Colleges. The latter is the most useful and Christlike class.

A mere youth from Center College, Ky., came in on us twice a year. He afterwards graduated at Princeton, but entered the ministry among us. Dr. J W Lewis spent more than half his life in St. Louis.

No small city ever owed more to its location than Huntsville. The earth rises up gradually hundreds of feet above the finest spring that bubbles from the face of the earth. The fountain of the Virgin that flows from the eastern base of Mount Moriah, the apostle's fountain on the way to Jericho, are mere imitations when compared to it. Nature and art have made the place so attractive that it has been a sort of hive for elderly people of distinction and wealth. Chief Justice Parsons, Leroy Pope Walker, Senator Jere Clemons, C. C. Clay, father and son, and Mrs. Jane Hamilton Childs

were among the personages who frightened me so dreadfully on Sunday mornings. These had all graduated in Washington etiquette, and therefore did not disturb me by their presence at the evening service. They were dining.

The Huntsville Female College was established in the latter part of 1851. This suggested a visit to the session of the Georgia Conference in search of a president. There I met Dr. George F. Pierce. He was remarkably handsome, amazingly eloquent, and companionable to the last degree. There I met also a young man of about two years' standing. He preached one morning on Samson and the Philistines. I saw then that he was an admirer of strength. He is now one of the ten pillars under Southern Methodism—Bishop Key Old Dr Lovick Pierce managed the Conference as easily as one waving a willow wand.

During the second year my people in Huntsville were gracious enough to liberate me during July and August, that I might make a tour of the Union. So I gathered

all my gold together and took leave. If I were a rhetorician, I should undertake to describe the happenings of this summer. At least twice a week I heard a preacher of continental reputation. Every one preached without manuscript.

Dr. John Lord, of Buffalo, interested me in various ways. He wore buff pantaloons and vest to match, a blue swallow-tail coat with metal buttons, a ruffled shirt with an enormous pin. In other words, he was exactly in the style of the elderly gentlemen of those days. A priestly garment he would not wear. He refused to advertise his religion or his profession by the cut of his clothes. After he served them many years, his congregation concluded to get rid of him in the usual Presbyterian style. Dr. Lord's successor came. He had the canonical garments, but he did not have "the action and the utterance and the power of speech to stir men's blood." He cleaned out the church decently. The old pastor was brought back. I heard him in the summer time, "when the people are out of town," but I was very

thankful to get a seat in the gallery A hearing ear comes to the speaking tongue.

Lebanon, Tenn., is just large enough for a university town. The professors are scattered all over the delightful place. Students board in every family. Intelligence is like the rays of the sun. Religion is respected and enjoyed. The churches are filled at each service. Congregational singing is fashionable, and the Church members pray in public. At the close of the year 1853, when I expected to be returned, I received a letter from Bishop Andrew, from which I make a quotation: "Unless you consider it oppression, I shall transfer you to the St. Louis Conference, and station you in First Church."

I did not consider myself oppressed then, nor have I ever been oppressed since. My bishops have never been oppressors. They have always been Christian gentlemen who understood their business.

X.

OUR famous cities have usually been built in our great valleys. Thebes, Memphis, and Cairo in the Valley of the Nile; Babylon and Nineveh in the Valley of the Euphrates and the Tigris; Rome on the banks of the Tiber; and London on the Thames. The rich agriculturists and manufacturers live in the valleys. One thousand feet above these may be found the vast multitude of average farmers; one thousand feet higher still, herdsmen and shepherds; above these, hunters and savages.

We are not surprised that Humboldt selected St. Louis as the future great city of the world. He knew that the Mississippi and its tributaries formed the most extensive fluvial system on earth. He knew that the Mississippi Valley contained more arable acres than any other valley on the globe. He saw that St. Louis had a central location and a back country that reached to

“sundown.” So his selection was made according to the laws of science and commerce, and with all history to back him. London and New York may lead for the next five hundred or a thousand years; but St. Louis is the “future great city.” Within the last fifty years it has grown with constant regularity from one hundred thousand to its present enormous size. Everywhere in St. Louis to-day you can hear and see the work of growth going on around you.

At the time I landed the city had a number of pastors with national reputation. Everybody had heard of Dr. Nathan L. Rice, pastor of the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church. He was the most learned debater on controversial subjects our country has yet produced. He was put forward by the Protestants of Kentucky and Ohio to conduct the great debate on Romanism with Archbishop Purcell. He was the champion selected to meet Alexander Campbell on the subject of baptism. I was fortunate enough to hear him and Orestes A. Brownson, LL.D., of Boston.

That oral controversy originated thus: Dr. Brownson was invited by the Catholics to deliver a course of lectures in St. Louis. He came. His first audience numbered about three thousand. At the close of the lecture he challenged the crowd to produce a man who was able to answer his arguments —he was in search of such an individual. Instantly a plain man rose up in the middle of the room, and replied: “Doctor, you need not travel any farther. I will reply to-morrow night in this hall.” The debate lasted fourteen nights.

Dr. Rice edited the *St. Louis Presbyterian*, preached regularly three times a week, to which he occasionally added a protracted meeting in his own church. The Doctor afterwards went to Chicago on a call of ten thousand a year, made by McCormick, of reaper fame. Thence to the Fifth Avenue, New York.

Another clerical magnate was Bishop Hawkes, of the Diocese of Missouri. He was descended from the Mohawk tribe, and claimed to be an Indian octoroon. He was

an oddity from another fact. He was an interesting and graceful extemporizer, never having written fifty sermons in his life. We did not know then that over in the Church of England deans and bishops and archbishops were extemporaneous speakers of great fluency and power. At the close of Edward Everett's oration on Washington, Hawkes declared that all the other public speaking was child's prattle compared to it.

The most distinguished Methodist divines of the city were Dr. D. R. McAnally and Dr. Joseph Boyle. The first was from the hills of East Tennessee. He had been President of the Female Institute at Knoxville, and was now editor of the *St. Louis Advocate*. His editorial career is the longest in the history of our Church.* Dr. Boyle was an Eastern man—large, handsome, eloquent, and rich. A more faithful pastor would be seldom found.

The lay celebrities were Trusten Polk and Uriel Wright. Polk was a learned lawyer



SAMUEL CUPPLES.

and a model class leader. When he was elected Governor of Missouri the smart set of Jefferson City knew at once that there would be no inauguration ball. In the place thereof the distinguished class leader gave them a banquet of unusual elegance. In a few days thereafter he was elected to the United States Senate.* Wright was so eloquent and logical that he appeared in all the great lawsuits. His smallest fee was five hundred dollars. During one of my protracted meetings he conducted the public service for me twice. Why not talk well on religion? He talked well on many other subjects.*

I cannot persuade myself to close this reminiscence without mentioning the names of two young people who afterwards married and lived together with almost perfect conjugal affection. Samuel Cupples was a little over twenty years old. He had come to St. Louis about 1850 to keep books on the levee. Now he was of the firm of Cupples

* Read "Celebrities and Less."

& Marston, wooden and willow ware. Among the young people of First Church he was in the lead. Whenever work was to be done you could find him without hunting. This is that same Samuel Cupples who has filled his place with marked ability in so many Annual and General Conferences. Miss Martha Kells was my constant helper in protracted meetings. She and I conducted one for thirty consecutive nights at the First Church. These two young folks married, and spent their lives in doing good. They paid for the Methodist Orphans' Home. With all his liberality how Mr. Cupples has amassed such an enormous fortune as a regular merchant may be explained by Luke vi. 38. By all this I mean to say that my St. Louis friend is a religious layman.

XI.

AT a General Conference held in St. Louis in 1850 Dr. Bascom was elected bishop. He held one Conference, and then the Lord took him on high. He has the reputation of being the most eloquent man our Church has yet produced. He was not so in fact. In 1854 Pierce, Kavanaugh, and Early were elevated to the episcopacy. Bishop Pierce was great and grand in every direction except one. He never could learn how to "bring salt to soup" like Bishop Doggett. Kavanaugh was simple as a child out of the pulpit, but astonished everybody by the splendor of his style in it. Early knew nothing in the books, but everything out of them. He came to my house in 1855 on his way to the seat of the St. Louis Conference. I told him to give himself no trouble, he should be "personally conducted." So we traveled the first part of the way by railway, then by Troy coach, and finally landed at Springfield in a hired conveyance. The old

gentleman was cheerful and talkative from start to finish.*

At the close of the session he read me out as presiding elder of the St Louis District. This was my first trip. They say that Bishop Candler last fall " compassed sea and land " to fill the pulpits of St. Louis with distinguished men. I am sure that no one will be offended if I compare his appointments with those of Bishop Early forty-four years ago: First Church, Charles B. Parsons, D.D., LL.D., a reformed actor;* Centenary, Brother Enoch M. Marvin; Asbury, Joseph Boyle, D.D.; Mound, William M. Leftwich, M.A., Jackson College; St. Louis Circuit, Thomas M. Finney, M.A., Yale College; Sixteenth Street, John C. Shackelford, M.A., Princeton, N. J.; Manchester Circuit, Jacob Ditzler, M.A., Hamilton College; Carondelet, D. R. McAnally, D.D.* These brethren represented at the ensuing Conference that the presiding elder had been a "very obedient" master. So Bishop Pierce returned me to

* Read "Celebrities and Less."

the district, and I made a second trip with the same company

Marvin was a native of Northwest Missouri when it was a primitive forest. He had no literary advantages whatever, except the obscurest country schools. But God called him to the ministry, and he had a genius for preaching. He was neither a rhetorician nor an orator, but his sermons were surcharged with a holy influence. If a sinner wanted to quail, he had nothing to do but to sit down in front of Marvin's pulpit; if a saint wanted to shout, he took the same position. There was a Bible on it and a man behind it and a God over it at every service. He and Caples were called the "thunder-pipes of the West;" but Caples was somewhat timid under oak-grained ceilings. Marvin knew nothing of fear. He could have preached just as well in St. Paul's Cathedral as under a brush arbor. When our first quarterly meeting came on at Centenary Church he said to me at the close of the third sermon: "I will preach to-night if you will allow me to explain why. My quarter-

ly meetings are always protracted. You will rest to-night; but I shall expect you on Monday night."

When Brother Marvin took charge of Centenary you should have seen his country-made clothes, especially that blue overcoat. The ladies took charge of him, and very soon had him enveloped in black French cloth—*tout ensemble*. Ten years after this he landed in New Orleans to be ordained a bishop. Old Dr. Proottsman will bear me witness how the bishop-elect was conducted to a clothing store before he was allowed to make his appearance on the floor of the General Conference. About this time Marvin began to write books, and continued to publish volume after volume until death paralyzed the facile fingers.

Jacob Ditzler, out on the Manchester Circuit, was from the blue grass of Kentucky. He was a learned youth. "All things he seemed to know" He did once acknowledge to me that he had not read the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe." There were not appointments enough on

the circuit to give full scope to his activity, so he built brush arbors in various neighborhoods and held protracted meetings. Dr. Ditzler has been of great service to our Church by the books he has written, and on many a "glorious and well-foughten" field of debate. He is somewhat singular. He thinks if all men were to hang like a string of candles, or rattle like a bag of marbles, we should have no variety. One of those tiresome old broadbrims used to say to him: "Mr. Wesley always rose at four." "Mr. Wesley always preached at five;" "Mr. Wesley always retired at nine." Ditzler replied: "Well, what if he did?"

Thomas M. Finney was the son of a rich man, had graduated at Yale College, had read law with Edward Bates, and was now filling his second or third appointment.

The Church contributed as many thousands to various Church enterprises this year as it had given hundreds the year before.

During my first year in Columbia, Tenn., we buried our first child, Fanny Forrester. Now we buried our second, Hillary Summer-

field. The one was seven weeks old; the other was seven years. Our servant maid died also. From this time my wife and I traveled the pathway alone.

In the winter of 1855 I tested the bitterness of cold weather. Two circuits were some distance in the country. The morning came to start out to Rich Woods. The mercury stood at twenty-two degrees below zero. Shall I stay at home, or shall I employ a regular city hackman to take me? The question was soon decided, and a white man with a good team and a strong, close carriage stood at the door. Overcoats, cloaks, and Baltimore blankets were brought into requisition. At the first quarterly meeting the hackman was gloriously converted. At the second he rejoiced all the time. When we got back to the city he wanted nothing but his incidental expenses, and insisted on going again. Of course I thought the workman should be paid for his time.

Now for broad prairies and an abundance of country air.

XII.

THE richest farming country I have ever seen were the four counties embraced in the Lexington District. The staple production was hemp. Negroes were the most numerous class of workingmen. The manners and customs of the people were like those prevailing in the South. Among the white people there seemed to be two classes—"prairie folks" and "timberites." The first of these were the aristocratic people. At the first quarterly meeting I attended they gave me to understand that the horse and buggy I brought from St. Louis would not do at all. They were not *en règle* by at least fifty years. Rich people never hesitate to give advice. Have not they succeeded? Are they not wise?

Lexington District had ten appointments —five stations and five circuits. At the close of the first round I determined on several new churches. In less than three years

they were all completed and paid for—at Lexington, Independence, Dover, Pleasant Hill, and in the country. So the prosperous brethren found a rent for more than fifty thousand dollars of surplus funds.

The most western charge on the district was Kansas City. This was an aggregation of houses, divided by awfully dirty lanes and gutters called streets and alleys. The place contained eleven thousand white folks and Indians. The Wyandottes had read in a St. Louis paper that false and foolish story about my descent from the Cherokees, so they came swarming over at each quarterly meeting to hear the tall chief. Mrs. Northrup, a banker's wife, always spoke in the love feasts. She could tell the delightful story with much fluency and state the order of God's operation in her heart with great precision. The missionary to her tribe came and preached; her soul was enlightened and made sorry for sin; she trusted in the blood of Christ and was regenerated by the Spirit. She always closed with the same words: "Me happy heap! Me happy heap!" Many

years after this, at a session of Conference held at Wyandotte City, I found myself quartered at the Northrups. They had gotten rich, and lived in ample style. Kansas City was the place of departure for the numerous Santa Fé trains—ox trains; now it is one of the great railroad centers of the world. Kansas City was then an irregular village; now it is a large and stately city.

I cannot take leave of Upper Missouri without testifying to the graceful and unbounded hospitality of the people. At the ample homes of Mrs. Porter, Robert Brown, C. D. Kavanaugh, and others, I spent many delightful summer weeks. I also wish to record my thoughts and expectations of certain young men. I knew that if Nathan Scarritt kept quiet, or even went to sleep, he was bound to become a millionaire. No man in that region ever made a better use of his prosperity I expected a young lawyer in Kansas City who talked Thackeray's "Humorists" and Boswell's "Johnson" to go to the Supreme Bench of Missouri. He did. I picked out Thomas Crittenden, of

Lexington, for a Governor of the State. I selected Vest for any honors within human reach. To all of which I will add Hon. W. D. Beard, who married Miss Henderson, of Lexington. He is now one of the Supreme Judges of Tennessee.

But the war was coming on. Yancey was abroad in the South. The States were beginning to secede from the Union. Lincoln's proclamation was sounding through the land. Wide-awake processions a mile in length were marching through the streets of St. Louis. My work on the district was finished up, and my report was ready for Conference.

After I had been in Missouri seven years to a day, Bishop Kavanaugh was kind enough to transfer me back to Tennessee. On my arrival at the hotel in Nashville I met Bishop Pierce, just out of the chair of the Tennessee Conference. He informed me that, at the request of Gov. Campbell, Col. Stokes, Dr. Owen, Henry Fraser, and others, I was stationed in Lebanon again. The place suited me exactly, for if you want to study go



LAVINA KELLEY.

to Lebanon and select you a quiet home. Everything there is provocative of study. The pulpit feels twice a week the weight of an educated and an intelligent congregation. At your boarding house the table is surrounded by university students of every grade. You are invited to join some mature literary or professional club not connected with the university. Down on the public square an L.I.D. conducted me across it to a bookstore to convince me that the letter "s" in the name of Edward Payson was not sibilant.

The country home of Rev. John Kelley and his wife, Lavinia Kelley, was the center of attraction for us. You began to improve from the time you entered the front gate, and improvement continued until you left it the next week. Mrs. Kelley could hold a conversation with you. We could turn our thoughts and sentiments and knowledge together and each one rise up the wiser and better. Some people talk with you by the hour who seem to have passed the following resolution : "Be it unanimously resolved

that everybody and everything in this world is wrong." Whoever heard Mrs. Kelley repeat one word of gossip or animadversion or tirade? None. She could and did converse. Her knowledge was as boundless as that of Hannah More, and her religion far more experimental.

When the battle of Manassas was fought I was selected to conduct the thanksgiving service. That event marked the close of my "acceptability and usefulness" with the most influential members of my congregation. They were on the other side.

XIII.

THE Wesleyan University at Florence, Ala., was the successor of the old Lagrange College. The grounds were ample and beautiful. The buildings cost forty thousand dollars. It had also a small endowment. The president's house was near by, to which belonged five acres of ground. I was elected to the presidency in the fall of 1861, and took charge in the winter, at a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year. My predecessor was R. H. Rivers, D.D., whose last catalogue showed over three hundred names. His predecessors were James W. Hardy, A.M., and S. W. Moore, D.D., whose régime stretched back to Bishop Robert Paine. I was not well qualified for the place, but I determined to study. So I ordered on a cord of books—works on logic, rhetoric, metaphysics, political economy, Christian evidences, and the like. They are all in my library yet, except those borrowed

by former Vanderbilt professors. I was fond of college life. Went in at nine o'clock A.M., and came out at twelve. For six days in the week I had nothing to do but exist, study, and lecture. Its quietude and monotony suited my indolent disposition exactly. My pulpit labor never exceeded two sermons on Sunday. I remained in Florence three years.

The faculty was composed of gentlemen worthy and well qualified. S. P. Rice, A.M., Principal of the Preparatory Department, had been teaching from his boyhood. He was an old-fashioned scholar—was acquainted with no macadamized roads to learning. He knew all the elementary books “by heart,” could read Greek to Homer and Latin to Juvenal. He was familiar with mathematics from Ray’s Arithmetic to the Mecanique Celeste of La Place. He could do one thing more: he was a fine leader of congregational singing.

Prof. Prouskoski was a Polander—taught the ancient and modern classics. He brought evidences of high standing from four Ger-

man universities. He was the loneliest human being I have ever seen this side of Mar Saba. He lived precisely as a hermit is supposed to live.

Prof. Peak taught the higher mathematics, and was at the head of our military department. He graduated at the University in Charlottesville, and was an "Old Virginian" from crown to heel. Of the other professors I need not write just now. Most of them were in the Confederate army.

I am happy to say that some of our students have been heard from—McCook, of the North; Ross, of Texas; and Judge Estes, of Memphis.

Although we were in the midst of the civil war, there were several interesting people still in Florence. Old Gov. Robert Patton was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church. He could manage an enormous cotton plantation, could count interest on a note until two o'clock in the afternoon, could govern the State of Alabama, but nobody expected him to preach. One Sunday morning when the Federals were present Dr.

Mitchell was captured as he came down from the pulpit, and sent to the military prison at Alton, Ill. Elder Patton gave notice that the Sunday school and morning services of that Church would be continued with the usual regularity. Every wit and humorist of the town attended, and each Sunday morning heard a sermon from one of the leading party politicians of the State. At one service he aired the whole volume of his sacred learning to prove that "John the Baptist was not John the evangelist, but a very different individual."

Hon. Richard Walker made his home in Florence. He had graduated at Princeton, N. J., and was now the Chief Justice of Alabama. He intermeddled with every species of literary knowledge, and was a welcome guest in all learned circles.

I was made acquainted with another personage, Gen. W. T. Sherman. While his vast army was passing through Florence on the way to Chattanooga the commander in chief established his headquarters in the library room of the college. He was a tall,

hardy, and homely man—walked back and forth and talked incessantly. Here are some of his assertions : “I have lived in the South;” “I am not opposed to slavery;” “I am in favor of it;” “I am fighting to put down this rebellion and restore the Union;” “War is cruel—war is hell; but this one will continue until the Union is restored.” Gen. Sherman knew that Dodge’s brigade would be passing through after he left, so he gave me a paper protecting the college property and faculty. He knew Dodge and his men. Gen. Sherman spent the latter part of his life in St. Louis, entertaining admiring visitors.

During our residence in Florence we frequently had a pleasant visitor from Tuscumbia, Rev. James D. Barbee, D.D. I remember well the Conference of 1852, when the burly youth came up to join us. He was my roommate at the house of Thomas Martin, of Pulaski. He had never taken a text or preached a sermon. He certainly has been an apt scholar since then. Forty-six years of blameless life, of self-denying and

arduous labor, ought to stand for something, even among those “spiritual” brethren who have animadverted so sincerely and so vehemently

When the war was over other bright citizens returned. Among them was Gen. E. A. O’Neal, who led a grand charge at Chancellorsville and came home wounded. He afterwards served two terms as Governor of Alabama. Judge Henry C. Jones came home from the Confederate Congress and enlivened the town with his marvelous gifts of speech.

The Wesleyan University was converted into the State Normal School, which is running prosperously to the present time. An important church in Nashville had to be finished and paid for. Dr. Green set his head on giving the task to me. So I returned to the pastorate.

XIV.

JUST across the Cumberland River is a population of twenty thousand. This is East Nashville, where so many of our fine old folks live. About the year 1860 they undertook to build Tulip Street Church. When the war came on they had an unfinished building and a considerable debt. This was my appointment in the fall of 1865.

A genuine revival of religion is frequently a cure for all Church troubles. So, after the Conference adjourned, I continued the gospel services every evening. The result was the conversion of sixty-seven excellent people, each one of whom united with the Church. We had no evangelist to help us with his "seventeen separate and distinct propositions" at the close of each service, but we had our neighbor, old Dr. T. O. Summers. There was a vast amount of show-window learning in his Sunday morning sermons, but there was a plenitude of gospel also. He was not

a very accurate elementary scholar, but on all the high points he was peerless. Before the close of the year the completed church was dedicated and paid for. The communicants had increased over sevenfold, or from 37 to 267.

I had attended a General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church held in Indianapolis in 1856. This was the session at which Dr. Abel Stevens insisted that no first-class man should be elected a bishop—that an absolutely first-class man with scholarly habits would grow weary of trundling around from sea to sea holding Annual Conferences. Men of high mediocrity suited best for the office.

I had also been a visitor to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, held in Nashville in 1858. Here Dr. H. N. McTyeire came to the front as a debater, and Dr. P. P. Neely as a preacher. Here Dr. W. M. Wightman, who was almost certain of election, spoke vigorously against the election of any additional bishops.

But at our General Conference of 1866 I was a member, and somewhat familiar with the routine of the proceedings. Two things interested me: the preaching and Dr. Green's memorial. Hanner led off, as usual, *facile princeps*, Pierce next, Doggett and others at a distance. Summers poured out vast loads of learning. For that section of the memorial recommending an extension of the pastoral term the young men of the Conference were a solid unit. We got a noticeable majority. After the vote was taken, late at night, we were somewhat boisterous in our demonstrations. We now had the privilege of convincing our people that we could preach four years without repeating the "same sermon from the same text to the same congregation."

For the section on lay representation we were not so unified. To hold Annual and General Conferences with none but clerical members looked too priestly; to introduce lay delegates might be risky. So the debate ran on. The vote was finally taken, and lay delegation prevailed, I am happy to say.

A new chapter on the support of the ministry, and the ritual for the reception of Church members, originated at this Conference. They were afterwards rewritten and improved.

We had elected no bishops since 1854. Soule was disabled by age; Andrew asked for a superannuated relation; another should have retired. So we agreed on the election of four additional bishops. The day for the election was fixed some distance off. Candidates were manifold; "timber" was abundant. We never had as many distinguished friends in our lives as we had at New Orleans, May, 1866. I rather enjoyed it. "He that will have friends must show himself friendly" William M. Wightman, David S. Doggett, Enoch M. Marvin, and Holland N. McTyeire were elected. These were all thoroughbreds, except one, and he had "a spark o' natur's fire." If Bishop Wightman lacked anything in fitness or polish, I was unable to discover it. To attend all the Texas Conferences in his company was a means of grace. I did not know that any

man since the days of Martin Luther spent so much time in prayer. Bishop Doggett was a memoriter preacher of great eloquence and power. He was jealous for the very fringes of the tabernacle. He never could understand the Texans. Bishop McTyeire was created for the office to which we elected him. He was a natural born superintendent—overseer. John Wesley himself was not fonder of administration than this one of his successors. In whatever company you met him you expected him to take the chair. Old Commodore Vanderbilt once said to me: “Is McTyeire a good judge of human nature?” “Yes,” said I. “Well, I thought he was, or I never should have given him so much money for that college.” Lord Bacon says: “Some men are born great.” Bishop Marvin was one of them.

There were several very wise and worthy doctors left out. Keener ran well; Sehon was slaughtered; Duncan was defeated by a speech from his best friend; we were afraid to trust Deems with too much authority; McAnally was too cold and distant.

If one looked round the audience room of Carondelet Church, he saw several promising young doctors that were coming on. This was their first session. Hargrove spoke several times. Key spoke once. Any question that concerned the Pacific Coast brought Fitzgerald to his feet. He was from the region of the setting sun, but his quiet and charming humor always suggested the rising sun.

After nearly five weeks we adjourned. Over three-fourths of the delegates left the city on the same train. The conductor sent the following telegram to the dining station: "One hundred Methodist preachers on board — chickens for dinner." I have been at some vast hotels since that day, but I have never seen so many fowls baked and stewed and fried.

The next October, when I entered the pulpit of McKendree Church, I was delighted to say to myself: "I can stand here four years, if these people desire me to do so, with Dr. A. L. P. Green for my presiding elder."

XV.

“I ASCEND to the cupola of the magnificent State house at Nashville, and take a survey of the surrounding country. On every side spread out the vast and undulating fields of grass and corn into the illimitable distance. A finer agricultural scene was never witnessed. A more beautiful landscape, diversified with broad clearings, waving crops, tufts of magnolia and poplar, shining mansions, withdrawing vales, and purple atmosphere it has never been my privilege to gaze upon.” So writes Dr. Alexander Winchell in “Sketches of Creation.” Nashville is built on Silurian limestone, in the center of the basin of Middle Tennessee.

McKendree is one of the oldest and largest and wealthiest of our Churches. Take it all the year round, it is certainly the fullest. It is a sort of cathedral for Southern Methodism. The pastor cannot but feel the importance of his charge. Bishops, connec-

tional officers, State officials, university men, visiting magnates, and sundry globe trotters are present at every Sunday service. You are always preaching to people who never heard you before and will never hear you again.

One warm Sunday night I had a hurried mental preparation. I was rather ashamed of it; so I concluded to scan my audience. To the left sat Bishop McTyeire and family. To the right was the rector of Christ Church. In front sat Bishop Paine with Col. Fite's family. Farther out I saw the Governor with a junta of his political friends. Still farther on, Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*. Some pious gentleman may exclaim: "What if these were present?" Well, brother, suppose you come and try it, and then you may possibly understand what I mean, and not be disposed to misrepresent me.

During my pastorate four hundred and seventy-six new members were received. Of these, one hundred and seventeen were converted at the altar in March, 1867. At the al-

tar is the best place to get converted and the best place to stay converted. Several preachers' sons were brought in—John W. Hanner, Jr., Wickliffe Weakley, and others. Because we had an elderly ecclesiastic whose sons were not saints, it was passing into a proverb that preachers' sons were generally wicked, if not worthless. The present roll of the Tennessee Conference is a complete refutation of this slander. Here we have a second generation of the Greens, McFerrins, Hanners, Moodys, Cherrys, Sowells, Weakleys, Browns, Gilberts, Gabards, Kelleys, Tinnons, Grays, and Erwins.

The history of literature for the last two hundred years will show also what preachers' families have contributed to the world of letters. Here is a list, made out in less than one hour. The reader can probably make out another of the same length:

Civil life: Henry Clay, Edward Everett, Chester A. Arthur, Grover Cleveland, and others.

Literature: Swift, Lockhart, Macaulay, Sterne, Hazlett, Thackeray, Bancroft, Em-

erson, Holmes, Kingsley, Matthew Arnold, Hallam, Sismondi, and scores of others.

Poetry: Young, Cowper, Thomson, Coleridge, Montgomery, Heber, Tennyson, and Lowell.

Mental philosophy: Stuart, Cudworth, Reid, Brown, Boyle, Abercrombie, and Bentham.

Theology: Edwards, Whately, Hall, Lightfoot, Lowth, Stillingfleet, Wesleys, Spurgeons, Beechers, and a list of indefinite length.

Scientists: Agassiz, Berzelius, Boerhaave, Encke, Euler, and Linnæus.

Women: Trollope, Barbould, Taylor, Carter, Brontés, Stowe, and others.

Architecture: Wren.

Art: Reynolds.

Heroism: Lord Nelson.

In May, 1870, we went to the General Conference in Memphis. Hither came Dr. Munsey, in all his glory, greatly to the discomfort of chronic office seekers. When he preached in the opera house all the churches in the neighborhood were thinned out. Two

other young doctors appeared at this session: A. W. Wilson and A. G. Haygood. They were evidently men with "prospects." The Irishman from North Carolina was in Memphis also. He was afflicted with *copia verborum*. The women in the front gallery "kept the tally" on him. They declared that he was on his feet seventeen times one morning session. "Speech is silver; silence is golden." "Great is the gift of speech, but greater is the gift of silence."

The race for the episcopacy was between J. C. Keener and J. A. Duncan. Dr. Duncan was a singularly gifted man, but Dr. Keener was manifestly a ruler. He was elected by a small majority, and for twenty-eight years has vindicated our judgment. I shall never forget the courtesies he has shown me at various Annual Conferences. He is a superb table talker. The company never gets silent and dull where he dines. I am glad he wrote "Post Oak Circuit."

At this General Conference the first step was taken toward the establishment of fraternal relations between the two great

bodies of Methodism, North and South. The unofficial presence of Bishop Janes and Dr. Harris formed a very interesting episode in our proceedings.

After we came home Dr. Haygood arrived, and created our line of periodical literature for Sunday schools. He was a regularly educated man, a tireless worker, and a man of brilliant talents. He was so original that he always took his own course, and generally succeeded. One thing he could not and would not tolerate—clerical costume.

When I took charge of McKendree Church I ordered all the works on systematic theology within reach—Swiss, German, English, and American. The four years were spent in reading theology and in making sermons. Since then I have contented myself with the New Testament.

XVI.

THE quadrennium at Elm Street was probably the happiest and most successful period of my ministerial life. The people were moderate in their demands and liberal with their money. They were intelligent, religious, and united. They had bought an unfinished house from the Cumberland Presbyterians, on which there was a lien of \$4,574. In seven months we paid off the mortgage, finished the building, and paid for it. It was dedicated without a collection. Since the poor Wesleyans occupied their first "church house" in England, who has ever heard such a statement? They came out in debt, and our people generally have imitated their example. The May meetings were in progress here at the time, and Bishop Doggett was invited to come and consecrate our church. He did so in his elegant and impressive way. The next morning I handed him seventy-five dollars as a slight acknowl-

edgment of his valuable services. He received it with his usual pleasant remarks on all such occasions. If a great lawyer, in an important case, had made so great a speech, five hundred dollars would have been a minimum fee. The difference is explained in the New Testament.

We had not worshiped in the new audience room many weeks before the revival influence was apparent. The protracted meeting lasted thirty days and nights. One hundred sinners were converted at the altar, and how many throughout the neighborhood I was not able to ascertain. Elm Street soon reported the largest Sunday school in the Southern Church, and the prayer meetings filled the lecture room.

About this time a youth named E. E. Hoss walked into Elm Street one Sunday morning. I knew his father well. He was a solid farmer in the neighborhood of Washington College. His cousin, Landon C. Hoss, was a classmate of mine. Old Gov. Sevier was his great-grandfather. The young man was trained at the Ohio Wesleyan University,

and graduated at Emory and Henry College. He was received on trial into the Holston Conference in 1869, and stationed at Greenville and Jonesboro. The next fall he was read out to the leading appointment in the Conference—Knoxville. He came over to Nashville to see and hear the old heroes, but after preaching once or twice he found himself a young hero. I hope we shall have the pleasure of meeting him again in some future reminiscence.

In the fall of 1871, in Lebanon, Tenn., on Monday afternoon, when Bishop Pierce was rushing business with a view to adjournment, Dr. D. C. Kelley handed a resolution to the secretary. It was read. The substance of the resolution was a declaration that the time had arrived when a great movement should be made to create a university of high grade and large endowment. It called for a committee to visit at least seven Conferences. When it was passed Bishop Pierce wrote three names on the back of it—Green, Young, Kelley. This was the grain of mustard seed from which

Vanderbilt University grew Dr. Kelley visited and enlisted the North Alabama Conference, Dr. Green the Memphis and the North Mississippi Conferences, and Dr. Young the three Conferences in Arkansas. We held a convention in Memphis in January, 1872. After two days of deliberation we determined to build and endow the Central University of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Five agents were appointed to present the claims of the enterprise to the people of seven Annual Conferences and raise the money. But we are all free to confess that the agency and influence of Bishop McTyeire and the money and liberality of the Vanderbilts saved us from a long and very doubtful canvass. Commodore Vanderbilt's first half million was received March 26, 1873. Soon after this he added another half million. After the lapse of a little time his son, William H. Vanderbilt, sent us a half million more. Various members of his family have helped us on a smaller scale. We are all confident that, in the opening year of the twentieth century, our

Southern people will show their appreciation of all this Northern aid.

The Louisville General Conference opened May, 1874, continued over twenty days, and then closed. It was the inconsequential session. All the old officers were reëlected. The proceedings were on a dead level from beginning to end, except once; that was on the day when we received the fraternal delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Church. Two were clergymen, one a military man. Dr. Fowler was immense—"like leviathan, he stretched out many a rood." I can think of no art of popular oratory he had not mastered. Dr. Hunt was polished and even classical; but the argument went straight on, and his appeals touched every intellect and heart. The military man reminded us of the huge animal that always leads the caravan. He moves right on, and all the others follow. When all had ceased, you would have supposed that the Southern Methodists were the best and cleverest people that dwelt on the planet, and that none knew it or appreciated it like our brethren north of the Ohio.

Rev F. E. Pitts died during the session. We gave him a funeral at the Walnut Street Church befitting a prince; for surely “a prince and a great man” had fallen in our Israel.

Dr. A. L. P. Green’s noble wife took him home before the session closed. He died in the summer thereafter. These were his last words to me: “Young, if I see you no more, it’s all right—it’s all right.”

On the 10th of May, 1873, I was elected Secretary of the Board of Trust of Vanderbilt University, and so my appointments read for the next seven years. This was the mistake of my life. I am naturally too lymphatic and slow for such an occupation. A man like Dr. D. C. Kelley should have had the place.

XVII.

FOR the first four years of my secretaryship the most of my time was spent in the office. We were buying and improving the Vanderbilt campus and putting up the vast and numerous buildings thereon. To settle with every different contractor, to file away their returned checks in chronological order, and keep a set of books taught one the meaning of Charles Lamb's expression: "The desk's dead wood." In purchases and improvements we spent more than one-half million of dollars. Besides the Vanderbilt money, we had a handsome little "welcome fund," contributed by our generous citizens to show how highly they appreciated the Commodore's selection of Nashville.

During the seasons of the Annual and the District Conferences I made many a delightful and profitable trip. The presiding officer always allowed me to speak. My object was to convince bright and ambitious

young men of moderate means that they were able to pay all the expenses at Vanderbilt University I always wound up by calling for a contribution to a "sustentation fund," to keep young men from leaving the university for want of money The contribution was made by signing a promissory note for one hundred dollars, or more, on which interest was paid annually at the rate of six per cent. It would surprise one to read the list of theological students who have remained three or four years at Vanderbilt on this fund. It was loaned to them, not given. A large majority were worthy of the favor; the others were not. It will be a risky business to dispute this statement, for my next duty after finishing this paragraph is to answer a letter from one of this unworthy class.

Of course I was always welcome at the sessions of those Conferences which originally combined to build and endow the university There were certain brethren who always made it a point to give me the best hour of the best day for my speech. I am

bound to mention Dr. Anson West, Dr. W. C. Johnson, Dr. T. Y. Ramsey, Dr. Andrew Hunter, Dr. G. A. Dannelly, and Dr. S. H. Babcock. Outside of these seven "patronizing Conferences," I must mention the name of Dr. E. E. Wiley, of Holston, President of Emory and Henry College. He knew the difference between a first-class college and a university with seven departments. There were three colleges in the South whose presidents did not. They certainly did not appreciate the views of the agent of Vanderbilt.

Now, forasmuch as several others have taken in hand to set forth the origin of the "bond scheme" that saved our Publishing House so easily and triumphantly, you will allow me to give my recollection. We were spending a week at Mr. Dempsey Weaver's, several miles out. We were both members of the Book Committee. One day at dinner the conversation turned on the Franco-Prussian war. The war debt of France and the "indemnity" demanded by Prussia, covering an inconceivable number of francs, had

all been funded readily and quickly by the people of the French Republic. “Why not fund the debt of the Publishing House by issuing four per cent bonds?” quoth Mr. Weaver

At the next meeting of the Book Committee the whole matter was thoroughly discussed. I was personally interested to the amount of \$51,000, for my name was on that amount of paper in the bank. Mr. Weaver’s name was on a larger sum. Col. Fite was not far behind. Bishop McTyeire was present, and expressed the opinion that our plan would “hold water.”

So we went up to the General Conference in Atlanta, May, 1878. That was a live session from opening to adjournment. We had a question of more importance than the making of bishops—namely, the saving of our Publishing House. It was in debt more than \$350,000. The moment the “bond scheme” was mentioned the Conference was in a commotion. The Chair rang me down at the end of a fifteen minutes’ speech. The Virginia gentleman who followed was for

liquidation. After some days the brethren quieted down, elected a new Book Agent, and gave him a Book Committee of great financial strength and experience. They concluded to let us save the House if we could. We did. It cost Dr. McFerrin and myself two years of endless travel and incessant speaking to place the bonds; but we placed them. The House has enjoyed a full tide of prosperity from that day to this.

The General Conference of 1878 did more than this. It elected Dr. A. W. Wilson Secretary of the Board of Missions. By his unique eloquence he stirred the Church "from the center all round to the sea" as it never had been stirred before. He taught scores of young men how to preach. They could not plagiarize his sermons, but from each they got a compact body of divinity. The reason why you cannot appropriate his sermon is this: it has no "hedges and ditch-es." Where does introduction end and argumentation begin? And where does argumentation end and peroration begin?

Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald was elected to the

editorship of the *Christian Advocate*. In a few years the subscription list reached twenty-five thousand. The editor was Addison and Steele combined. He added the wit of the latter to the graceful rhetoric of the former. If you went to his office and sat down, he acted exactly as if he had nothing in the world to do but to entertain his visitors. Deliver me from that gentleman who goes through the world with a watch in his hand!

Dr. Cunningham was returned to the office of the Sunday School Department, there to pour out sacred literature as from a cornucopia.

While in Atlanta wife and I had rooms at a first-class hotel. Our bill was \$130. Offering to pay it, I was informed that Mr. Inman had settled it for me. The Innmans were from Dandridge, East Tennessee.



W. G. E. CUNNINGHAM.

XVIII.

I STILL remained in the Vanderbilt office, but the affairs of the University were so settled and prosperous that they did require all my time. The President of the Board was more than willing that I should assist Dr. McFerrin for a year or two. I tried my “bond speech” before the new Book Committee. Of course Mr. Weaver’s subscription was in the lead of all others. The old Doctor tested his “bond speech” before the Tennessee Conference.

The Doctor and I then journeyed together to the large cities. At Louisville Rev. H. C. Morrison and Mr. John Carter rendered us invaluable assistance. We did not know that Brother Morrison was the future financier of the Church, who should rake its treasures together and pay its enormous Church debts. Commend me to the man that can do things. Some men can talk fluently on all subjects suggested by earth

or sea or sky, but can accomplish nothing. "To-morrow" would be a proper name for the whole crowd.

At Richmond Dr. Lafferty had "norated" us in his characteristic style. The editors of some Church papers have no talent for newspaper literature at all. They can write animadversions and tirades on all subjects from "shoe leather to the solar system," but have no genius for journalism. Lafferty has an immense literary endowment. Each one of the sixteen figures of rhetoric is at his command; but when he compared me to Og, the King of Bashan, he stretched one of them to its utmost tension—hyperbole. The Doctor is not the most serious man on the Potomac. He thinks:

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.

Bishop Doggett presided. At the close of my speech silence prevailed. I threw off sentence after sentence, appeal after appeal; but there was no response. At last the Chair discovered the trend of thought and determination, and came down with five hun-

dred dollars. Then the signatures came in thick and fast.

Dr. John E. Edwards chaperoned us everywhere. The rays of the sun were never brighter than his intellect and heart. And grand old Tom Branch feasted us on six-o'clock dinners and bought our bonds.

After a while the Doctor and I concluded to separate. He took the territory east of the Mississippi River, and I took the west. In less than two years we met *Fait accompli.*

On the 18th of August, 1880, I had the pleasure of leading to the matrimonial altar Mrs. Anna Green Hunter, youngest child of Dr. A. L. P. Green. The ceremony was performed by Bishop McTyeire in the presence of every member of the Green family. After spending the remainder of the summer in Canada, we returned ready for the Conference session.

My great desire was to settle down in the pastoral work again, and perform its daily and quiet duties. I was tired of stare and pressure. Bishop Paine stationed me at Fos-

ter Street Church, out of which has grown the large and beautiful McFerrin Memorial. The next fall Bishop McTyeire put me in the pulpit of West End Church, where I was standing when the General Conference of 1882 opened in May. I am tempted to say that I enjoyed Foster Street most, for there the people were satisfied with straightforward orthodoxy; but at West End they insisted on the fact that the nominative case must govern the verb in number and person.

Comprenez vous?

The session of 1882 was held in Nashville. I was chairman of the committee on homes, and here bear testimony that I had no trouble to find hospitable entertainment for every member, clerical and lay. The bills of those who stayed at hotels were paid by some very busy professional man or some countess dowager who was not taking company. I take pleasure in stating these facts, especially since they say that Southern hospitality is dying out. Richmond in 1886 fell behind Nashville in no respect whatever.

Toward the close of the session in 1882

Dr. A. W. Wilson, Dr. J. C. Granbery, Dr. Linus Parker, and Dr. R. K. Hargrove were elected to the episcopacy. Wilson was taken from the Mission Board, Granbery from Vanderbilt University, Parker from an editorship, and Hargrove from a presiding eldership. Dr. R. A. Young was elected Secretary of the Board of Missions; Dr. D. C. Kelley, Treasurer; Dr. J. B. McFerrin was returned to the Book Agency, Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald to the *Christian Advocate*, and Dr. Cunningham to the Sunday School Department. Dr. Kelly and myself found that the high-water mark reached by Dr. Wilson was \$103,000. We ran it up a little distance each year until we reached nearly \$223,000. That was honor enough, and of course we were in danger of defeat.

Dr. Thomas O. Summers, Secretary of the Conference, died during the session. He had occupied that position since the Louisville Convention in 1845, so far as I now recollect. He had been the President of our Board of Missions since 1866. During his varied editorial career he sat on the tri-

pod of the *Charleston Christian Advocate*, the *Nashville Christian Advocate*, the *Sunday School Visitor*, and the *Quarterly Review*. His last article for the *Quarterly Review* was on foreign missions. Few preachers have ever received a more imposing funeral. Since his death his manuscripts have been gathered together by Dr. Tigert, and a complete body of divinity has been published. Chancellor Garland succeeded him as President of the Board of Missions.

During my term of office some long journeys were required. If I made a trip that was unusually strange and interesting, new and instructive, or successful and profitable, I always wrote it up at the time. Some of these manuscripts may be printed for the benefit of my readers. They are the best "reminiscences" of places and people that were seen at the time.



MISSIONARY SECRETARIES.]

XIX.

A GLANCE at my predecessors in the Mission Rooms will be afforded. Dr. E. W Sehon was a Virginian, large, portly, and graceful to the last degree. If you had passed him on the Strand in London, you would have stopped and inquired his name, nationality, and profession. He was fond of tailor-made suits, fine carriages, and late dinners. The Doctor was always ready to speak. He spoke with ease, fluency, and power, but said nothing new or profound. Forasmuch as he remained in office for a long time, I infer that the results of his labor were satisfactory. The last time I saw his shining face he was presiding elder of the Louisville District. It is a dull bishop that does not know how to let us down gracefully.

Dr. W. E. Munsey was elected by the Board of Missions to succeed Dr. Sehon. He was the mere fragment of a man, but he was a blazing fragment. His person was

inconsequential, his dress abominable, his manners simple; but he spoke “with the tongue of men and angels.” He said nothing in the pulpit or on the platform that edified or instructed cultivated men with practical minds; yet they ran in multitudes to hear him, and would do so again and again. “Sound and fury”—but did you not love to hear the sound and see the fury? The General Conference of 1870 did not reelect him. He did not know how to manage the affairs and details of his office. He died on his knees at home, and went to heaven. The publication of his sermons was a hit of Bishop Keener’s. We have no book of sermons that has gone through so many editions.

Munsey was succeeded by Dr. John B. McFerrin. He had been missionary to the Indians, circuit preacher, presiding elder, city pastor, editor, Book Agent; so when he entered the office he knew all the machinery of the Church “by heart.” The “old Doctor” served the Board of Missions eight years, and was sent back in 1878 to the book agency. In this office he died.

Dr. A. W. Wilson preceded me. Of him I have spoken and written so often that it is not necessary for me to add anything on this page. I am glad that he has returned, safe and sound, from his third visit to our Conferences in the Orient. I do not wonder that the brethren are anxious for him to come again.

The treasurer and myself had our offices in the Publishing House. There was nothing between us but a thin plank partition. I am happy to state that no inharmonious word ever divided us. We had to confront this statement: "More money or returned missionaries." So we banded ourselves together for more money and more missionaries. Here is the result. I quote from Dr. P. A. Peterson's "Handbook of Southern Methodism:" 1881-82, \$103,901; 1882-83, \$160,272; 1883-84, \$183,692; 1884-85, \$191,-600; 1885-86, \$222,127 New missionaries were sent out in proportion to the increase of our funds. I beg your pardon—at one time we sent them out a little more rapidly Dr. Kelley and myself put our official signa-

tures and our personal indorsement on \$120,-000, borrowed from the American National Bank.

This paragraph would not have been written but for the enlightenment of one pair of eyes. I hope it will be memorized, and that confession will be made.

In my declining years, when I think of the long trips we made, traveling by day and by night, to reach at least fifteen Conferences each year, I am amazed that mortal flesh and blood could endure such a tumbled-up existence for four years.

On the long route from Maryland to Mexico, zigzagging through the territory of the Church, you meet wth a great many good and interesting people that memory will not let die. Who does not recollect Magruder, of Baltimore? Was there ever a layman that made himself more useful? He could sing, lead the family and the congregation in prayer, superintend the Sunday school, preside in the stewards' meeting or the State Sunday School Convention, take the lead in the District or the Annual Conference, and

speak with ease and power in the legislative department of the Church. When I lifted a collection in the Baltimore Conference I was sure of success if Magruder was there. And so I could write on to the end of the chapter,

But no speed of ours avails
To hunt up his shining trails.

One Sunday morning, just at the break of day, our train ran into Trinidad, Southern Colorado. I looked at my continuous through ticket, and then thought of the commandment. Instantly I determined not to travel on Sunday. At ten o'clock I was in a class meeting, and at eleven I was in the pulpit of a beautiful new church of ours. At one o'clock I dined with the pastor and a layman of his congregation. After dinner the talk began. The layman's story was this: He had made \$3,500 laying rails on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé railroad. With this he bought "a bunch" of cattle, and turned them on a cheap "ranch." Once a year he had a "round up," and made a "cut out" sufficient for his support. The

cattle chewed the grass and he "got rich." Last week he had sold the whole "bunch" for \$300,000 cash. All this was done in five years. At the close of this interesting narrative I said to him: "Brother, this church where we worshiped to-day owes one thousand dollars. Please to meet me at the train to-morrow at ten o'clock, and tell me that it does not owe one cent." The next morning he was there promptly with the good news—he had paid it all. The name is Lenhart.

At the close of my term of office I did not expect reëlection. I had set my heart on a trip to the Orient, and was not disappointed. I delivered the keys of the Missionary Department to Rev. I. G. John, D.D., of Texas. There have been several worthy associates and successors: Dr. A. Coke Smith, Dr. W. H. Potter, Dr. H. C. Morrison, Dr. W. R. Lambuth, and Dr. J. H. Pritchett.

XX.

THE General Conference of 1886 met in Richmond, Va. Hospitality abounded. Every man thought he had the best home. The trustees gave the audience room of Centenary Church for our daily sessions. Visitors from all parts of our Church, North and South, were introduced. Even some distinguished evangelists looked in on us, and enlightened our minds with a sermon or two.
They took no collection!

The vote for bishops resulted in the election of Dr. C. B. Galloway, Dr. W. W. Duncan, Dr. E. R. Hendrix, and Dr. J. S. Key. There are no advantages for mental training and high culture in this country that these brethren have not enjoyed from their childhood. Galloway graduated at the University of Mississippi; Duncan, at Randolph-Macon, Virginia; Key, at Oxford, Ga.; and Hendrix, at two or three institutions. To which they have all added the unwritten

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advantages of foreign travel. Their fathers were all gentlemen of abundant means, and lavished their money on the education of their sons. Shylock keeps his shining ore in his bags and boxes, and his sons are bumpkins.

About the middle of the quadrennium that closed in Richmond we met in Baltimore to hold the Centennial Methodist Conference. Delegates were present from every branch of Methodism in North America. I have seen the Congress of the United States, the parliamentary bodies of Great Britain, Austria, and Norway; but a body of grander-looking men than the members of the Centennial Conference I have never beheld. Of course we met in December, 1884; the memorable Christmas Conference was held in December, 1784. We met in Baltimore: the historic Christmas Conference was held in Baltimore.

The Wesleyans celebrated the year 1839 as a centenary year. It had been one hundred years since our religious "movement" began among the poor people of London

and England. Our people in the United States and Canada participated very generally. Centenary Circuits and Centenary Churches may be found all over the connection. I was a boy of fifteen, and still attending the Presbyterian Church, but I shall never forget a book that the Methodist local preacher gave me that year.

The Methodist Episcopal Church observed 1866 as a centenary year. It marked the one hundredth year since the religious movement called Methodism was introduced in North America. The war was just over, and of course the Southern brethren had no part or lot in the celebration.

The resolution that finally called together the Centennial Methodist Conference, December 9–17, 1884, originated with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. In due time all the other branches wheeled into line. This Conference marked the epoch (December, 1784) when our Church was organized as an independent body, separate from the Church of England and all other “entangling alliances.” Then we laid away all the

prayer books that remained among us, and ceased to read the morning and evening service of the Anglican Church. Then our people entered upon their God-given work as an efficient and unique organization.

As I now recollect them, the ablest discourse was the opening sermon by Bishop R. S. Foster; the most eloquent essays were those read by Dr J. H. Vincent and Prof. C. J. Little; the most solid and practical, by Dr Anson West and Dr. J. E. Evans. At the close of Prof. Little's paper it was difficult to get the body settled down to business. Nobody seemed to have perfect command of himself. But did not we sing:

Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die,
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

I am surprised that so many intelligent public men labor under the impression that they can read eloquently before an audience. I have heard only two: Dr. Philip P. Neely, of Alabama, and Prof. Charles J. Little, of Pennsylvania. Those of us who had been

selected to read essays and make addresses were notified weeks beforehand to send our manuscripts to Baltimore. We did so. Directly the proof sheets came back for us to examine. Surely after all this it was not impossible to "hold forth."

Dr. J. M. Buckley, of New York, was probably the most versatile man on the floor. As a debater he had made an immense reputation in the Ecumenical Conference of London. If the Doctor had lived a few generations back, he might have been the rival of Charles James Fox.

The social entertainments were delightful, notably the one at Dr. John F. Goucher's. The old heroes were all there: Dr. McFerrin, Dr. Trimble, and the like. The Northern bishops are coffee drinkers and *prandial* talkers. Dr. Samuel Johnson and Lord Macaulay might have held their own. I doubt it. These entertainments were all concluded with prayer.

During the summer of 1886 I had the pleasure of preaching to the congregation of the Park Avenue Church, near my home in

Nashville. Those were happy and quiet months. This reminiscence leaves me on the western shore of the melancholy and voracious sea. I step on board the Umbria in New York harbor. I may be tempted to describe some of the places and sketch some of the persons we saw on this ten months' tour through Europe, Egypt, and Asia Minor.

XXI.

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue.

AT this distance of time and place allow me to return hearty thanks to Bishop Hendrix and the presiding elders of the Tennessee Conference for giving me a nominal appointment, that I might gratify a lifelong desire for foreign travel.*

When I lived in Missouri I prepared a course of lectures on the “Reformers in Chronological Order”—John Wickliffe in the fourteenth century; John Huss and Savonarola in the fifteenth century; Martin Luther, John Calvin, and John Knox in the sixteenth century; and John Wesley in the eighteenth. All these great men, except the last, sprang from the bosom of the Roman Church. They were all scholars of the highest grade for the ages in which they

* Read “Twenty Thousand Miles.”

lived. All had the gift of eloquence, except two, and these were fluent and heroic talkers. While we may detect one or two glaring faults in each of these men, we are sure that braver disciples of Christ never lived or stormed or died.

While reading up and preparing notes for these lectures I became intensely interested in every fact connected with the Reformers. So you may judge how their homes and the scenes of their labors impressed me while we were in foreign lands. Our first object was to see all the "Bible lands," from the banks of the Nile, where Moses was taken from the ark of bulrushes, to the Isle of Patmos, where John had the revelations. Next to this we wanted to visit those countries where the reformed religion prevails.

At Oxford there are twenty-four colleges and four halls. In three of these we felt a special interest. Balliol was one. John Wickliffe was appointed head master of this college before he was forty years of age. Here he began to read and study the whole Bible, in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin,

with a view to his future translation into the English of that day. The result is well known. He began to diverge so far from the holy Roman Church that he was ordered to appear at Lambeth Palace and defend himself before the Archbishop of Canterbury. He returned to Baliol a victor. He was summoned before the primate a second time, but defended himself with such learning and logic that he returned to Oxford victorious. The scholars elected him head master of Canterbury Hall. The Sovereign Pontiff now interfered. On his third trial at Lambeth he was convicted of twenty-four opinions that were heretical and fourteen that were erroneous. So he was driven from Oxford to his "living" at Lutterworth. Here he preached to his parishioners for several years, and finished the first translation of the whole Bible into English. In Madame Tussaud's gallery, and in the group of celebrities assembled around the queen, you will see the well-known figure of John Wickliffe. The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance.

Wickliffe is called “the morning star of the Reformation.”

A Bohemian prince married a princess of England. She understood the doctrines of Wickliffe, and was friendly to them. This encouraged John Huss and Jerome of Prague in the work of reformation. Tens of thousands revolted from the doctrines and usages of the Roman Catholic Church. Finally Huss was brought before the Council of Constance and condemned to be burned. Our main object in spending a day at Prague was to see the great picture of “John Huss standing before the Council of Constance.” It is numbered among the largest and most celebrated paintings on earth. It was exhibited in all the principal cities of Europe, and then purchased by the Bohemians for eighty thousand florins. The figures are all the size of life. The Emperor Sigismond is in the chair, and Huss is standing before him in the attitude of an orator. With me this work of art ranks next to Raphael’s “Transfiguration.”

Florence, in Italy, is supposed to be the



STATUE OF MARTIN LUTHER.

most cultivated city in the world. What is known as the “revival of learning” in modern times began in Florence, under the patronage and rule of the Medici family. Here Savonarola, the invincible reformer, lived. They show you the monastery to which he belonged, the little room in which he studied and slept. On the public square, and right in front of the old capitol of the Tuscan Republic, a magnificent marble fountain throws the water high into the air. It stands on the spot where Savonarola was executed, in 1498. In the audience hall of the building has been erected the unsurpassed statue of the Italian Protestant. The martyrs of one age are the heroes of all the following. Not a penny to keep geniuses alive, but pounds to build their monuments.

Of course we stopped in Wittenburg, Germany. A tourist says “the village is three feet deep with Martin Luther.” Such has been his influence over the human race that an enthusiastic admirer calls this “Luther’s world.” He is the last one of the five great men of history : Moses, Aristotle, Julius

Cæsar, St. Paul, and Martin Luther. After his literary and law course at the University at Erfurt, he suddenly became a monk and entered the Augustinian monastery at Wittenberg. When Frederick the Wise founded the new university there he selected Luther for the chair of philosophy. The learned and eloquent young Augustinian was only twenty-five. His memorable visit to Rome was made in his twenty-seventh year. The ninety-five theses were nailed to the door of the great church in Wittenberg in his thirty-fourth year. Now, for a while, it was one man against the world. Your *ralet de place* never tires of showing and telling: “This is the monastery where he lived, and here is the large and beautiful room wherein he studied and translated the Scriptures into German; this is the new university, where he lectured, and where the Reformation actually began; this is ‘Luther’s tree,’ which marks the spot where he publicly burned the papal bull;” and finally he shows you the first Protestant church building on earth. The result is well known.

It may surprise some people to learn that John Calvin was a Frenchman of good condition in life. At the age of twenty he was considered the most learned man in Europe. At the age of twenty-five he published his "Institutes." No religious book, except the Bible, has ever been quoted so frequently. In Geneva is the massive residence in which he lived, the church where he worshiped, the pulpit from which he preached, and the pulpit chair in which he sat. The cemetery contains an unmarked grave supposed to be Calvin's.

In Edinburgh I always attend John Knox's church. His dwelling house is near by. It is a quaint old structure. I suppose it might bring twenty dollars a month. His monument is one of the highest in Europe. John Knox is the founder of Presbyterianism in Scotland. His fame will endure to the "last syllable of recorded time."

In London we worshiped in City Road Chapel, wherein John Wesley preached at five in the morning. His home adjoins. It is a narrow house three stories high. It

might be rented for twenty-five dollars a month. His grave is in the rear of the chapel. Millions of people to-day believe the Scriptures as John Wesley expounded them.

In my next you may be introduced to some titled people—"great folks."

XXII.

LATE at night we were all on the promenade deck of the steamer enjoying the lights along the shores of Crete. With no introduction an intelligent Englishman began a conversation with me which lasted for an hour or two. He was about the size of my good friend Mark Cockrill, of Nashville, but was not quite so well dressed. I soon discovered that he had been everywhere, had seen everybody, and knew everything about the British Empire. I noticed a group of ladies around his wife. On the way down to our staterooms I said to Mrs. Young: "We shall be certain to find that this Englishman is a personage."

We stopped a few days in Alexandria; they passed on up the Nile. At Cairo we met again. We were arriving at Shepherd's Hotel; they were on the instant of departing for Jerusalem by way of the Suez Canal and Joppa. Weeks after this, on our ar-

rival in the Holy City, they gave us a hearty welcome to our apartments in the Mediterranean Hotel. On the expedition to Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea, the Englishman and his wife rode a donkey each. The lady had a stalwart Arab attendant on foot. Why the Greek priest also was along I have never been able to learn. We all enjoyed the hospitalities of the immense Russian convent on the plains of the Jordan. The American party sang the gospel hymns of Moody and Sankey.

Inferring that we took an interest in religious matters and movements, this English gentleman invited me to go with him to Bethlehem and see his ophthalmic institution. "This gentleman is a doctor, and has charge of a hospital for the cure of the blind," said I to myself. Whereupon he handed me a pamphlet, which gave me to understand that Rt. Hon. Sir Edmund Lechmere, Bart, M. P., had donated this institution, and its entire support, to the English Church Mission on Mount Zion. After a while I called his valet and showed him the

name on the title-page. "It is Sir Edmund you have been traveling with all this time." So a British baronet gives thousands of pounds a year for the missionary enterprises of the Church of England! If a wealthy American Christian gives a thousand dollars a year regularly, we think he is doing wonders. I know one. There may be others.

On the last day, during our second visit to the Holy City, a Greek priest came into our little parlor and invited us to accompany him through the hospitals and schools of the Greek Church. We did so, and were greatly interested. Finally we entered a large apartment richly furnished. It was evidently a throne room. Directly we saw one hundred full-robed priests in a broad corridor in front of us—fifty on one side, fifty on the other. The patriarch of Jerusalem entered, and was seated on the throne. We were introduced, and the conversation lasted for an hour or more. He wanted to know all about our great country that was "so large and so rich," and whether Protestantism

was really the prevailing religion. He then gave us a short sketch of the Greek Church, and did not omit to mention that he had fourteen archiepiscopal dioceses under his jurisdiction. A three-course luncheon followed. The vessels were all of gold, silver, or Sevres China. The plates and goblets blazed with jewels. The patriarch informed us that no habit or custom in the East had changed since the days of Job. "True, O king!" I suppose that we shall never have an explanation of this interview, unless it is this: A man with world-wide intelligence never loses an opportunity to learn about the earth and the man that is on it. He is like a scholar who ransacks a library to rectify a syllable.

On our first arrival in Berlin we stopped at a hotel on the Linden. We were not pleased. This took air from some of the servants. On the third morning we received a letter signed: "Frau Von Shaak." She could make us comfortable at 203 Frederick Street at twenty-seven marks a day for five people. She certainly did. One evening at

dinner she told us about a delightful interview she had with Victoria, mother of the present Emperor. On the old lady's birthday she received a costly present from the old kaiser. At another dinner she introduced us to her brother-in-law, Baron Von Shaak. So I determined to find out where we were stopping. I invited the frau to come to my room for a final settlement. She did so, and the bill was paid in gold.

I said to her: "Madam, who are you?" She answered: "I am the Countess Von Shaak. I began life a court lady in the family of the old kaiser. My husband is Baron Von Shaak, a general in the German army. He was degraded for drunkenness, and is now employed in the customhouse of New York. For the support of my family I have converted this home into a *pension*."

"But, madam, you say that the titled people of Germany and the common people never mix any more than oil and water. Have we met none but titled people at your table?"

"Not one."

"Then why are we plain American people here at your solicitation?"

"O, you Americans are born lords." She and her daughters spoke English and French with fluency.

On my return, in the fall of 1887, Bishop McTyeire and Bishop Wilson were partial enough to place me on the Nashville District. This suited my age exactly. The Methodist preachers do not expect so much of their presiding elders (in the way of preaching) as they did in my early days. I was continued on this appointment until the fall of 1890. After this I journeyed through Spain, Russia, and Scandinavia. When I returned Bishop Wilson gave me another delightful appointment, Carroll Street Church. Here I remained until I concluded to spend another summer in Europe. Since then the regency of Belmont College has occupied my time. I am too fond of private life and literary employments.

There are other reminiscences to be written, but they will not be in chronological order.

XXIII.

FORASMUCH as I entered the Christian ministry in 1845, the epoch of the Louisville Convention, they say that I should devote one chapter to our publishing interests.

The *Western Methodist* was established in Nashville in 1833 by Rev. Lewis Garrett and Rev. John Newland Maffitt. This was a private enterprise without much backing of any sort. The *Southwestern Christian Advocate* was established in 1836 by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. Thomas Stringfield was elected editor. No man in the South was quite so well prepared for this line of work. Then came Dr. John B. McFerrin from 1840 to 1858. This gentleman succeeded at everything he undertook. At one time he was assisted by Dr. M. M. Henkle; at another time, by Dr. C. B. Parsons. The paper adopted its present name in 1846. The General Conference of 1858

elected a young man to our ecclesiastical tripod—H. N. McTyeire, D.D. It was soon discovered that the *Christian Advocate* had an opinion on every subject, expressed in a style that reminded one of Emerson's "English Traits." Next came Dr. T. O. Summers. He was continued on the paper from 1866 to 1878. He had no assistant and no trouble, except the difficulty of finding as much literary work as he could do. We who are slow and indolent kept away from his office. Then Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald edited the paper from 1878 to 1890. For a while he was assisted by Dr. W. A. Candler. The General Conference of 1890 elected two editors, Dr. E. E. Hoss and Dr. F. M. Bounds. The first of these remains, and will be likely to remain as long as we want the rival to Dr. Buckley, of New York. My excellent friend Dr. Boswell has also been on the paper for more than six years.

Our Sunday school periodicals have been edited by the following brethren: Drs. Summers, Haygood, Cunningham, Kirkland, and Atkins. The present assistant is Dr. Beaty;

the former ones, Dr. Lyons and John L. Kirby.

The editors of our *Quarterly Review* have been: Dr. Bascom, Dr. Doggett, Dr. Hinton, Dr. Summers, Dr. Harrison, and Dr. Tigert.

We have published two literary periodicals for ladies, *The Companion* and the *Home Circle*. The one was edited by Dr. Henkle; the other, by Dr. Huston.

Our missionary periodicals have been produced by the incumbents of the mission office.

The *Epworth Era* has been edited by Dr. Steel and Dr. Du Bose.

From 1845 to 1854 Dr. John Early was the Book Agent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. His work was all done by contract. Dr. Edward Stevenson, located at Louisville, Ky., was his assistant. The Publishing House was located at Nashville in 1854. Dr. Edward Stevenson and Dr. F. A. Owen were elected Agents. Neither of them knew what is meant nowadays by *publishing* a book. Owen resigned for a little

while, and Dr. J. E. Evans, of Georgia, took his place. In 1858 Dr. J. B. McFerrin was elected Book Agent, and continued in office eight years. Rev Richard Abbey, as financial agent, was his partner. Dr. A. H. Redford was made Book Agent in 1866, and continued in office for twelve consecutive years. He built the present Publishing House. In 1878 Dr. McFerrin was again elected, and remained in office until his death. Col. L. D. Palmer was his business manager.

The present Agents went into office in the year 1887. The time of their administration may be truthfully called "the golden age" of our Publishing House. We are now worth nearly one million of dollars. Barbee & Smith have paid the superannuates \$167,500.

The Book Committee is composed of thirteen gentlemen. Some of us have been in our places regularly for more than a quarter of a century. Not one of us has ever received a dollar for his services. Not one of us has ever borrowed a dollar from the House.



D. M. SMITH.

I have written this brief reminiscence at a single sitting, and purely from memory. I have purposely omitted the name of one glorified personage, simply from the fact that I do not call to mind the exact name of the office he filled.

If you will look over the long list of connectional officers herein mentioned, you will probably be surprised at the number who were elevated to the episcopacy.

XXIV.

“Who is my neighbor?” Steam and telegraphy are answering this question rapidly. I can leave my front gate in Nashville, and in less than twenty days of the easiest and most delightful travel I can enter the Jaffa Gate of the city of Jerusalem. The distance is nearly eight thousand miles.

The Holy Land is a little strip of country on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea. It is about the size of Wales, a province of the British Isles. Norman McLeod, the great Scotch preacher, went to the top of Mizpeh, where the prophet Samuel spent most of his time. He looked westward, and saw the ships from the Mediterranean landing at Joppa and Caesarea. He looked eastward, and saw the strata in the rocks of the mountains of Moab. To the north the ruins of Dan were plainly in view; to the south, the ruins of Beersheba. It was a clear Syrian atmosphere through which he

looked. There is nothing like it on earth. It is now demonstrated that Moses could have seen every mile of the Promised Land from the top of Pisgah.

Monotheism originated, or was revealed, in this little, rugged, desolated region. The revelation came not to a scholar, or a philosopher, or a savant of any grade, but to an Oriental sheik sitting in his tent and listening to his flocks and herds, his menservants and his maidservants. According to Jonathan Edwards, the whole human race had apostatized into idolatry when Abraham was called to the land of Canaan. Since his day all orthodox people have said: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth."

There are five cities in the world that are called "holy cities:" Benares for the Hindoos, Jerusalem for Jews and Christians, Mecca for the Mohammedans, Rome for the Roman Catholics, and Moscow for the Greek Church. There is not a sect of Christians on earth that does not believe in the religious virtue of a pilgrimage, with the single

exception of Protestants. They believe that "the just shall live by faith."

The following is the itinerary of a full pilgrimage to the Holy Land: 1. Worship in the Church of the Annunciation at Nazareth. 2. Attend service in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem and drink a small glass of wine. 3. Go to the pilgrims' bathing place and wash in the Jordan. 4. Wind up your devotions in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, where religious services have been held every day and every night since the time of Constantine the Great. After this the pilgrims travel straight to heaven, and never halt.

Away back in distant antiquity a Jebusite chief fortified the present Mount Zion. A settlement grew up around the fortification. The place was named Jebus. About a mile distant the village of Salem was growing up in the neighborhood of Mount Moriah. After a long time these two towns met in the Tyroporean Valley. Then the city was called Jebussalem. But forasmuch as the human tongue is fonder of liquids than it is of oth-

er consonants, the people finally said Jerusalem. It was never a large place, and never can be. The little circular valley, scooped out on the tiptop of the mountains of Judea, affords room for about fifty thousand people. The additions to the city of London in one year would fill two such valleys. The walls of Jerusalem are only two miles and a quarter in circumference.

My last excursion in the immediate neighborhood of the Holy City was to the top of the Mount of Olives. After crossing the brook Kedron, and passing by the Garden of Gethsemane, I dismounted. I had become a pilgrim sure enough. I could not consent to ride my donkey up the identical way along which my divine Master had always traveled on foot. On top of the mount I was conducted to the traditional spot from which Christ ascended to heaven. It is marked by a great, flat, hewn stone. On this I stood where, with a field glass, I could have counted all the noticeable buildings in the city. I thought of "twenty-seven sieges, seventeen captures, and seven demolitions"

through which the place has passed, according to history.

But to the ascension. Let Luke speak: "And he led them out until they were over against Bethany; and he lifted up his hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he parted from them, and was carried up into heaven. And they worshiped him, and they returned to Jerusalem with great joy; and were continually in the temple, blessing God." Again Luke says: "And when he had said these things, as they were looking, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight. And while they were looking steadfastly into heaven as he went, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye looking into heaven? this Jesus, which was received up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye beheld him going into heaven." Here I shut the Book and clasped the clasp. From this spot my Lord ascended through the deep blue sky to the home of God. Worlds that never heard the



story of redeeming love might have stood still and gazed upon the splendid pageant on its shining way.

I advise all intelligent and educated people who are religiously disposed to visit Palestine. Take the Bible as your guide-book, and your faith will be confirmed. It is a Mohammedan country, but all Christian sects are freely tolerated. The Mosque of Omar is only a short distance from the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. I was pleased to notice that the last rays of the setting sun shone upon the gilded cross of the Christian Church. I also advise illiterate and skeptical people to stay away from the Holy Land. They will learn nothing beyond the fact that it is a land of ruins, and that the scenery around Jerusalem is the saddest and dreariest they ever saw. The mode of travel is abominable everywhere. Society people had better attend the Paris Exposition.

XXV

I HAVE approached the holy city of the Catholics from every point of the compass. The same scenes present themselves. Ruins! ruins! You see and almost *hear* the work of destruction going on around you. Aqueducts, baths, columns, and triumphal arches; palaces, temples, fountains, and basilicas; the Forum, the Colosseum, and other gigantic structures are either in utter dilapidation or decaying by the inch.

The country around the holy city is slightly undulating; but the seven hills on which the city is built are distinctly outlined. In one half-day's drive you learn the situation and name of each hill.

Globe trotters are in the habit of putting a characteristic adjective before the names of remarkable rivers: the mysterious Nile, the sacred Jordan, the blue Danube, the castellated Rhine, the yellow Tiber. The Tiber runs through the city of Rome. It is

certainly the muddiest and yellowest little stream one ever saw.

Since the unification of all Italy by such men as Mazzini, Cavour, and Victor Immanuel; and since the royal family are in residence on the Quirinal Hill, modern Rome has been growing with great rapidity. Rows of business houses and dwellings remind one of Kansas City a few years ago. *Roma la superba* will be an appropriate designation before the twentieth century closes.

The Eternal City has been a center of world-wide influence for more than two thousand years. Up to the fifth century after Christ all the civilized world felt the influence of its laws and government and military science. Since the opening of the seventh century the largest body of Christians on earth has been governed by the papal court.

The two hundredth and fifty-ninth successor of St. Peter lives in the largest and most richly furnished palace on earth. I quote a paragraph from a celebrated traveler and writer: "Again and again I strolled

through the immense halls of the Vatican, and can only say that it is a forest of statuary, and ought to be divided among the world. But what shall I say of the Vatican itself? How shall I describe it? I can only say that it is more than one thousand feet long and eight hundred feet wide; that it contains eight grand staircases, two hundred smaller ones, twenty courts, four thousand four hundred and twenty-two apartments, and a library no one knows how large. One room in it measures three hundred and eighteen yards.”*

The haughty Babylonian, the bearlike Persian, the quick-paced Grecian, and the eagle-eyed Roman Empires have passed away, but the holy city still rests upon her seven hills, and attracts pilgrims from every quarter of the earth to enjoy the ceremonies of Holy Week. Every hotel and *pension* and restaurant and *café* is packed, and the resources of Christian hospitality are exhausted. We began wiring for rooms before we quit the shores of France.

* “Twenty Thousand Miles.”

The center of attraction is St. Peter's Church. The darkness of every evening finds thousands and tens of thousands in the vast building. How large is it? "I will not give you feet and inches," says an old writer, "but say that if Trinity Church in New York is finished on the plan with which it was commenced, you could pile about twelve of them into St. Peters, and have considerable room left for walking about. Thirty or forty common churches could be stowed away in it without much trouble. But this is nothing—the marble, the statuary, the costly tombs, the architecture, are indescribable. It seems as if Art had fallen in love with her own creation, and in the enthusiasm of her passion had thrown away all her wealth upon it."

The most interesting performance during Holy Week is the chanting of the *Miserere*. This piece of music is sung only once a year, on the night of Good Friday. I have heard it twice. It is said that an Emperor of Austria once wrote to the pope requesting a copy, that he might have it sung in

his own cathedral. The effect was so inconsequential that he wrote to his holiness, intimating that a *spurious* copy had been sent him. The pope replied that a true copy had been sent to his imperial majesty, but that the scenery and the circumstances and the Italian voices had been subtracted from it.

I have spent nearly five months in Italy. The people are the leading singers of the human race. The Germans and French can compose, but the Italians can sing. Let us suppose that you have been up the Nile, over in Syria, up to Constantinople, and, by way of Athens, across to Naples. Instantly you are charmed with music once more. It floats in among the six-o'clock diners; it attends you to the fashionable public square; the little boats over to beautiful Capri have two bands each; the bathers out in the water swim by music; you actually go to sleep in your hotel listening to the songs and instruments of the *lazzaroni* sitting upon the curbstones. The Italian has an abundance of time. The most popular saying on the peninsula is *dolce far niente*.

